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Tenth  
Annual  
Honor  
Roll

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**49** Montreal nurse **Andrée Gauthier**, who established the first palliative care unit in the francophone world, exemplifies the giving spirit of the 10th annual Macleod's Honor Roll members. All 12 Canadians on the 1995 Honor Roll truly made a difference.

## No end to B.C. anger

**16** British Columbia wins one and loses one in its battles with Ottawa. The province gains a veto over constitutional changes, but loses its fight on welfare financing.

Robertson  
Davies  
remembered

Canadians and lovers of literature everywhere mourned the death of author Robertson Davies. Peter C. Newman (page 42) and John Irving (page 90) pay tribute to one of Canada's greatest writers.

# Men In Suits—II

**A** growing chasm has opened in Canadian society. It is as menacing as the gap between rich and poor. The split is at the root of the tensions in Canadian society today and it threatens to break up the country. The division is the one that exists between Official and Unofficial Canada. The first is the

one personified by the politicians who fight and argue over candidates as if they were pieces of candy in a bowl—the day amplified by pundits and reporters. It is a world of threats, ultimatums and endgames. The only people who are not considered are the voters. Last week, it was the war of the wits. Otherwise, that dispute pitted west versus Ontario and, we were told, imperilled the very future of federalism. In reality, Official Canada was transfixed by a proposal whose chief result will be to stoke it even more difficult for politicians to agree on anything.

The politicians have been fighting each other so long, they do not even seem to care about the content any more. They do not even notice that very few people in Unofficial Canada care about their wars. When is the last time that people raising family or friends are seldom and talked about the vote?

The average person looking at politicians these days is hard pressed to recognize many human qualities. When Lucien Bouchard makes English-Canadianers for expressing affection for Quebec, he demonstrates his own cause. In Ontario, where there is wide support for cutting back the cost and size of government, the Tories are asking like clouds in a back alley—sneaking; it is not enough to look people at the stonewall, but the government now wants to grab folks by the neck and shake

them until there is blood all over the lot. The men-suited approach to the people's purse is crushing. Last week, two suburban Toronto mayors moved to start charging people for using city facilities—the skating rinks or soccer fields. The admission prompts visions of daisies and zoom heading out for an afternoon with the kids, their pockets jangling with loonies—a dollar to walk in the park, \$2.50 to feed the geese, \$3 to skate on the pond.

Surely, this is not the kind of society that causes in Unofficial Canada want to see shuffling as the collection approach. The people of Unofficial Canada, overworked and hardworking, expect their leaders to pursue opportunities, not combatants. They want the men in suits to stop drawing lines in the sand and threatening the livelihood of Canada. They want the politicians to start working together.

The angry mood of Official Canada is a sharp contrast to the quiet pursuit of accomplishment in other walks of life. The 12 Canadians who grace this year's Honor Roll personally a commendable quest for excellence and a commitment to doing a job well. So did the life of author Robertson Davies, whose achievement to the world marked last week on his death. Would that Official Canada would get the message. To adapt a line from Davies: This country has a soul but Official Canada should get on better terms with it.

*Robert Lewis*



Official Canada: flowers and sillinesses

## Newsroom Notes:

**THE HONOR ROLL:** Assistant Managing Editor Michael Beaudin, who oversees this year's Honor Roll project, notes "The remarkable achievements of all 12 members is only matched by their mod-est. All have achieved excellence, but all feel they have done nothing of the ordinary."

To capture the essence of these special Canadians and their stories, nine reporters fanned out on assignments from California to Portu-

gal. Photo Editor Peter Bragg photographed seven of the 12, and in one week flew from Toronto to New York City, back again to Toronto and then on to Los Angeles and Vancouver before returning home. He took 2,000 pictures, taking everything from an icy perch on a cherry picker in New York City to capture Sheila Thew during the



Bragg: 2,000 photos

sexual Macy's Theatre giving Day parade to a warm spot on the sands of Venice Beach where Sandra Oh gambolled through the surf.

Art Director Rick Burnett arranged the best of these stories in the distinctive designs that mark the Honor Roll cover package.

For all who participated, it was a welcome opportunity to celebrate some extraordinary people



12 years ago my daughter was born. She breezed into my life like a miniature hurricane. I celebrated with something new. Malt Whisky. Has she changed my life? I'll say (You try standing in a hurricane for twelve years.) One thing hasn't changed: I still like that Whisky.

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## LETTERS

## Making the grade

I recently graduated from Concordia University, and it is a shame that some of the problems of an institution bring down the perceived quality of education at that school. Given the disappointment that will likely result from your rankings of Concordia universities ("Universities 56," *Coway*, Nov. 20)—and the joy as well—I can only say thank you for your honesty. I wish I had some of the same kind of research in my hands when I was making my university choice in 1990.

Reg. Grant  
Montreal 18

As a student at the University of British Columbia, I found your Universities 96 package informative and comprehensive. You overlooked physical access and services for disabled students, however, as ranking categories. By including these items in your survey, you would compel postsecondary institutions to more seriously examine the accessibility of their campuses.

Medians should factor in student satisfaction when rating the universities. With the current criteria, I feel that my university, Laurentian, received unfair judgment. If student approval accounted for something, Laurentian would have scored high at least in that category.

Andy Emmons  
Southern Cross

## Keep on truckin'

I am shocked and saddened by the carnage caused by the trucking industry on Canada's highways. ("Highway horror show," *Transport*, Nov. 10) We should ask ourselves why so much freight is being carried by trucks when in many cases it makes more sense to ship by rail, which is inherently safer than highways.

Bruce Wigg,  
University

As a trucker, I believe that Transport Canada should mandate safer truck wheels, nuts and self-adjusting truck brakes to reduce ac-

criticize. But we should not ignore the fact that drivers of passenger cars are the main cause of truck crashes.

Don Hill  
Mississippi, USA

Not greener grass

**A**s a Canadian physician and consumer of health care, furthering my education in the United States over the past 18 months, I have come to realize that we Canadians take



Acadia University students: disappointment and joy

for granted the ease with which we may access health care. Some Canadian consumers and physicians look at the United States and see greener pastures, but I warn you all, the (insured) people of the United States do not control their health care, nor do their physicians. The access to and distribution of health care is controlled exclusively by the private insurance companies, who have no other interest in mind than their own.

Dr Gregory Davies,  
Darlington, N.C.

## Another 90 years?

**C**ongratulations on putting out a quality magazine for 50 years. Your many readers include people in the United States who are dying to know what is going on in Canada. So in case most of the media here only cover Canadian affairs when some major event occurs—for example, when a country is threatening to split in two. Keep up the good work.

John B. Matthews,  
Bethesda, Md.

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## Maclean's

# OPENING NOTES

## Saving face on the air

Collector Jones, the Halifax-based writer and sports reporter for CBC *Newsweek's Morning News*, has money problems—of a sort. Last week, the sitcom actually cancelled an item about the Royal Canadian Mint as Winnipeg striking the new \$2 coin, which will start replacing the \$2 note next February. Jones, 34, joking that the paper currency will soon be garbage, taped one of them apart on air. To her surprise, she says, she learned later from a crew member that it is illegal to destroy money. Fearing the wrath of the Bank of Canada, Jones displayed the note \$2 bill the next day—taped back together. "I'm lucky I didn't have to pay the \$20 fine," she says.

It is not the first time that Jones, who doubles as a sports reporter with the local CBC-TV evening news, has encountered the wrath of money laws. In 2003, she wanted to refresh the face in her now nine-year-old son's room with photocopies of money—only to discover that it is illegal to reproduce Canada's legal tender. So instead, Jones used the real thing—gluing a \$5 bill and one \$2 bill to the door and then burning them over. Says Jones: "The photocopying probably would have cost as much anyway."

Jones: ripping and fixing



Crash site: technology and e-waste

## Car crashes by Cronenberg

Toronto motorists have long joked that there are only two things in the city—water and construction—and they both do us traffic. Perhaps it is time to add a third season to the hit movie-making. Local commuters may have assumed that some of Toronto's major expressways have been closed at night for the past 10 weeks for repair work. The reason, in fact, is that the hit Toronto director David Cronenberg has been staging elaborate accident scenes for his new movie, *Crash*. The film, based on a 1973 novel of the same name by British writer J. G. Ballard and starring Holly Hunter and James Spader, is about sex and cars—although not in the usual sense. Its characters are sexually obsessed with car wrecks. "Crash is about technology and evolution," says Cronenberg.

The production used 45 stunt drivers and 225 vehicles, 25 of which were demolished. But Cronenberg stresses that *Crash* is not an action movie. Although he did film two head-on collisions, most of the smashed vehicles were pre-wrecked (they arranged in post-crash tableaux). The most spectacular, staged at the intersection of the Dan Valley Parkway and the Gardiner Expressway, involved a Greyhound bus that appeared to have had its roof sheared open by a Lincoln Continental. But from now on, if motorists witness such havoc, it may be the real thing. The *Crash* crew called it a wrap last week.

## Reduce, recycle, buy and sell

Over the past decade, recycling has grown from a labor of environmental love to big business. So much so, in fact, that the Chicago Board of Trade has launched an electronic Recyclables Exchange to handle various grades of glass, paper and plastic in the same way that pork bellies and corn bushels are traded. For a \$1.00 annual fee, buyers and sellers can trade on the exchange through their own

computers. Postings on an online bulletin board include details on materials, type, quantity, quality and price. KIM MELROSE, spokesman for the new venture, said about 300 users have participated during the first six weeks of operation, including 100 sub-sellers conducting trades and others using the "new info" screen to check out how the market is developing. Most of the buying and selling by manufacturers, municipalities, haulers and others has centred on plastic milk jugs, newspaper, and other recovered paper. One man's garbage is another man's commodity.

## Vancouver spawns a whale of a link

Finally, a use for cellular phone technology that does not involve usnapping everyone within earshot on the street, in restaurants, even in movie theatres. Scientists at the Vancouver Aquarium have launched WhaleLink, a project using the technology to track the seasonal routes of killer whales off the coast of British Columbia. Various family groups, or pods, of the giant mammals are known to frequent particular waters in the winter months, but scientists want more precise information about where each pod spends the winter. If scientists can discover that, says marine biologist John Ford, they will be better able to protect the whales' habitats. To that end, Ford and his associates at the Aquarium are placing special microphones, called hydrophones, in the waters the whales are already known to frequent near Hara and Johnstone Straits, between Vancouver Island and the mainland. The hydrophones will pick up the underwater language of the whales as they



Source: John Ford

Whales posing the B.C. coast: communicating in dialect

pass by in their pods. The sounds will activate cellular phones about the shoreline, which in turn will automatically call the aquarium. "Each pod has its own distinct dialect," says Ford. "And to be able to listen to them communicate in their natural home is quite amazing." In these circumstances, at least, oversteering seems quite the proper thing to do.

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

## PASSAGES

**TRAGEDY** Montreal Canadiana's goaltender Patrick Roy, 30, to the Calgary Flames as part of a five-player deal, after a blowup with Canadiens' president Jean Beliveau. **GOALS** Corey Hirsch and coach Mario Tremblay during a Dec. 2 home game. Tremblay pulled the three-time Vezina Trophy winner during a game against the Detroit Red Wings after he allowed nine goals—prompting an angry Roy to hit Corey, who was saying he hated the bench. "That is my last game in Montreal." Roy, a 10-year Habs veteran whose salary tops \$4 million, later apologizing but welcomed the trade, saying that it represented "a new turn in my life."



**DIED** Former *New York Times* Washington bureau chief and Pulitzer Prize winner James Reston, 85, widely regarded as the most influential American journalist of his time, at cancer, at home in Washington.

**RECOVERED** A diamond necklace and bracelet allegedly stolen from Sarah Ferguson, Duchess of York, at John F. Kennedy Airport in New York City. The jewelry—valued at \$500,000—was missing from her suitcase as she was about to leave the United States, where she was promoting her line of children's books and toys. In return for its recovery, the airport found the bracelet in an airport locker and the necklace in the home of a baggage handler, who has been charged with theft.

**HOSPITALIZED** Pop star Michael Jackson, 37, after collapsing during a rehearsal for a TV special, in New York City. Jackson, who doctors said was in "serious, but stable condition," was being treated for an irregular heartbeat and dehydration, as well as gastroenteritis and liver and kidney irregularities.

**DIED** Russian historian G.S. Danilov Volkogonov, 67, of stomach cancer, in Moscow. Volkogonov's 1988 biography of Josef Stalin shocked the Communist power structure by portraying the former Soviet leader as a paranoid dictator.

## Having it and flaunting it

In a government town like Ottawa, where being under the spotlight is the usual norm, the Compounds certainly stand out. Michael, chairman and president of computer graphics software manufacturer Corel Corp., and his wife, Marilyn, live in a 20,000-square-foot mansion in modern Rockcliffe Park, complete with two swimming pools, five bedrooms, and a 10-acre underground garage and car wash. Neighbours and the local media have latched onto its size and opulence ever since they had it built in 1994. Quite Ottawa has been accredited by the couple's matching hot pink Porsche. But it is Marilyn—now divorced—who is the main attraction. She is a media magnet, a woman who attracts most of the attention. But now, Compound has found a way to thumb her nose at her critics. The cover of the December issue of the monthly Ottawa magazine *Weekend* featured her in an attention-light and sparkling bikini suit. Photographer Paul Gervais, a longtime friend who took the couple's 1992 wedding photos, said he had a brief time on the new assignment. "She really snapped it up," he adds. "She just told me, 'If they think I'm a lesbian, let's have some fun with it.'"

Compound: ramping it up



## BEST-SELLERS

### FICTION

1. *Shelter from the Heat*, C.J. Cooke (McClelland)
2. *The Golden Pathway*, James A. Munn (McClelland)
3. *A Fine Balance*, Jhumpa Lahiri (McClelland)
4. *The Good Book*, Neil Gaiman (McClelland)
5. *Come to Grief*, David Shields (McClelland)
6. *Remains and the Angel of Death*, John G. Gribble (McClelland)
7. *The Hundred Secret Senses*, Amy Tan (McClelland)
8. *Hope, Lee Douglas* (McClelland)
9. *The Moon's Last Light*, Susan Paul (McClelland)
10. *The Island of the Day Before*, Stefano Benni (McClelland)

1-1 Fiction launch

### NONFICTION

1. *The Canadian Revolution*, Peter C. Newman (McClelland)
2. *The Road Ahead*, Bill Gates (McClelland)
3. *Anticipation Without Walls*, Richard Gere (McClelland)
4. *Devotion Volume 1: The Will to Win*, Lawrence Sanders (McClelland)
5. *A Simple Plan*, Jeffrey Tambor with Leahy (McClelland)
6. *The House Team*, Ray McGee (McClelland)
7. *Seven Minutes*, Chris Gray (McClelland)
8. *The Canadian Way*, Don Peck and Peter Trudeau (McClelland)
9. *One Room in a Castle*, James G. Thompson (McClelland)
10. *Emotional Intelligence*, Daniel Goleman (McClelland)

Compiled by Don Decker

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## COLUMN



# Firing a 'hooker' is an employer's right

BY BARBARA AMIEL

A journalism teacher at Ryerson Polytechnic University in Toronto has been suspended and is being investigated on two counts: first, he is accused of using his lectures to promote his views on sexual minorities between men and underage boys. Secondly, he has revealed that as well as teaching his course on freelance magazine writing, he also works as a prostitute.

Ryerson has always known about the professor's views on pedophilia. In 1977, he wrote a high-profile magazine article entitled the splendor in the glass of a sense of occasion he witnessed when coming with another man and some small boys. Neither that nor the professor's subsequent campaign to have the law prohibiting pornography changed discouraged Ryerson from being him. The revelation of his work as a "hooker" caused him to suggest he mark items papers of him.

Schizophrenia has gripped our imagination in this country. Give and Mail columnist and Ryerson media ethics instructor Bronwyn Dennis says it is a conflict between freedom of speech and ethical concerns about his sexual behavior—which, in her view, means the professor should resign at the end of term. Journalist Jacy Stoddard, long considered by the media the single most important problem facing Canada society as a whole of sexual child abuse, compares the professor to sex-Nazi who believes the Holocaust didn't take place. The Writers Union of Canada has supported the professor's right to express his views on pedophilia. The point here is that the man has filed a grievance saying he has done nothing wrong, while the professor has filed another grievance alleging unfair discipline.

In my view, any school should have a perfect right to determine both its curriculum and the moral standards of the people who work for it. If the school does not have the right to determine those two patterns, then

*There is a world of difference between having a right to express a view and an obligation to give someone a forum for expressing that view*

they inevitably will be determined by some state institution, such as a human rights commission. A society is healthier when a "diversity" of views is allowed, and that will be the case so long as each school is free to act independently—for better or worse.

It is argued that when an institution is self-supported it must respond to the concerns of the majority of taxpayers; this argument is specious. I prefer a society in which there is private medicine and private schools because their policies are decided by the people in charge of them. When the state's institutions make policies, we get more rationed neo-conservatives are all right while neo-liberals must be fired, homosexuality is normal while sadomasochism is abnormal, maternity is fine and patriarchy is bad or vice versa. This reflects only laziness or stupidity.

It is argued that the professor's suspension violates his freedom of expression. This is not so. Why shouldn't a school fire a teacher who insists on teaching something that runs contrary to the school's own curriculum and/or if the teacher's work as a part-time hooker contravenes the school's view of the morally correct stance of its

teachers? This has absolutely nothing to do with the civil right of a person to be a Mason or a part-time hooker, so long as the activity itself is lawful, nor does it have anything to do with the absolute inalienable freedom of expression to advocate the illegality of anything from heroin to pedophilia.

But there is a world of difference between having a right to express a view and a corresponding obligation on Ryerson to give someone a forum for expressing that view. A freedom of expression clause means if a school willingly allowed the expression of certain views and was then censured by some state authority if Ryerson had a professor stating views, say, against homosexuality, that professor and Ryerson would probably be censured today by a so-called human rights tribunal. The point is that in no institution about this middle the state has created two classes of controversial opinions—those that are protected and those that are unprotected or even abhorred. As a homosexual activist, the Ryerson professor belongs to a protected group. But as an advocate of pedophilia he is abhorred.

The argument that teachers ought to have a higher standard of ethics because they are responsible for shaping young minds is absolutely true, but I find it monstrous in this discussion. If we really believed that, we would allow religious schools, for example, to demand that teachers correspond to such criteria as (a) never having been divorced; (b) never having lived common-law; (c) never having had an abortion; and so on. If our schools tried this, they would run headlong into some government commission. The only way you can truly have freedom of speech in a society is by allowing everyone to speak at their own risk and obliging no one to listen to him or give him a forum. If a school is not free to fire someone who has an abortion, we can't let the justice to allow a human rights commission to get New Brunswick teacher Malcolm Ross fired for holding (abhorred) opinions on a Jewish conspiracy that he never expressed in his classroom.

If I'm Ryerson and someone held a well-spoken class on why, under certain circumstances, sexual contacts between men and boys should be legalized, I would not interfere. Speaking personally, I happen not to believe the equation that every form of sexual contact between individuals, one of whom is of age and one of whom is not, is necessarily wrong. It may be, as a blanket statement doesn't take into account the nature of human sexuality or the wide range of sexual maturity among human beings.

Conversely, if one of my teachers was a hooker, I would fire him. I fully agree that being a hooker is a human right, but it is also by my human right to disapprove of hookers as teachers in my school. Finally, if the Ryerson students find this professor to be a guru, and if he is fired, whether prevents them from attending whatever school hires him, or teaches anything in his private classes and teaching him. The freedom of expression, not day Canada may wish.



Vancouver protests a government also under attack at home

er said that the Liberals had revealed their lack of a coherent constitutional strategy. "It should be transparently obvious that this government is operating by the seat of its pants," he said.

Despite the criticism, the Liberal unity bill, drafted to fulfil Clinton's promise of political change made during the closing days of the Quebec referendum, was expected to be passed before the House of Commons received for Clinton on Dec. 15. Introduced on Nov. 27, the bill had immediately stirred up regional resentments. In British Columbia, politicians were harshly critical, calling to open-line radio shows denounced it and hundreds of others wrote letters and made phone calls urging their MPs to reject

The province's Liberal MPs responded with a well-organized, high-pressure campaign to change the unity bill. "We intend to change everything else for this," an allusion to one member told Maclean's. Borneo Minister Dave Anderson, the province's only member of cabinet, met at least twice privately with Clinton, and other B.C. MPs present at their case in private conversations with cabinet ministers. McWhinney said he wrote the Prime Minister to explain that population growth and immigration over the past 20 years had changed the character of the B.C. to such an extent that it could no longer be considered just another western province. The B.C. members also worked on their western colleagues. "I read some of the letters I'd received as a meeting of the western caucus and people were astonished," said McWhinney. "We got widespread support, especially from the Saskatchewan MPs."

But despite the success of the lobbying effort, many British Columbianers were anything but gratified. Kate Mac, host of a weekly popular open-line show on Vancouver's CKNV radio, opened his program on Dec. 8 by telling listeners that the votes would allow Ontario and Quebec to maintain the constitutional status quo and then added: "That is totally and fundamentally wrong."

Elsewhere in Vancouver, opinions were much the same. Supping a coffee at a downtown restaurant, 69-year-old geophysicist David Ross said:

**'The veto screwup is the last in a long list of discriminatory actions'**

that granting regional votes could send the country by making constitutional change impossible. Furniture retailer James David, 38, added: "I believe in our Canada, but no vetoes and no special status for Quebec."

The fight over the Liberal unity package occurred in the midst of what has become a protracted and acrimonious heated dispute between B.C. and Ottawa over financial support for social programs. In September, provincial Social Services Minister Jay McPhail announced that the government planned to introduce a three-month residency requirement for welfare recipients, effective on Dec. 1, a move timed

at saving \$35 million a year. However, McPhail declared that the new rule would not affect the Canada Assistance Plan, and Dec. 5 he announced that Ottawa would withhold \$47 million in transfer payments.

While the residency rule had turned into a tactical blunder from a financial perspective, some experienced government watchers in British Columbia said that the province's embattled New Democrats, who must call a provincial election within the next year, could still call a political dividend from the dispute. "Bashing Ottawa is a tried and true formula to gain public support," said University of British Columbia political scientist Paul Temescu. "McPhail and her government will pay a lot of sympathy with this."

The federal minister said that he was merely upholding the law, as he was bound to do. But McPhail maintained that, with ongoing cuts in federal transfers, British Columbia cannot afford to support the \$300 million in requests arriving, on average, monthly from other provinces. The two main items failed to resolve the dispute during a brief meeting in Ottawa on Dec. 7, and McPhail later told reporters that the province will take Ottawa to court unless the \$47 million is received by Dec. 20. "This is very disturbing for people in B.C.," he said, "and I fear they will react strongly against the federal government."

But even as they were skirmishing with Ottawa—encouraged by the Reform party's Preston Manning, who accused the Liberals of a "boulder-thrown approach to federal-provincial relations"—the B.C. New Democrats were also being attacked at home. Longtime working for anti-poverty groups were angling to challenge the residency requirement in the B.C. Supreme Court as soon as possible. "It's absolutely black and white," said Carolyn McCool, director of the Public Assistance Centre in Vancouver, one of the organizations involved. "McPhail has got a real problem in terms of the loss of trust of what she's doing."

Folllow-up appointments described the new veto rule as a desperate ploy by the government to close up a hole in its budget. Opposition leader Gordon Campbell said that the number of recipients has soared by 50 per cent to almost 375,000 from 250,000 since the NDP took office in 1991, far greater than the increase in the general population, and federal payments have more than doubled, from \$207 million to \$1.6 billion, in part because the government paid up benefits. "The NDP created the problem in the first place," said Campbell. "McPhail was looking for a fight, not a solution." The federal flap on giving British Columbia a vote may have taken the edge off the storm, but the party's attempts to point the finger of blame on Ottawa that as last week's angry reaction to that move within the province demonstrated, there is more than enough movement to go around.

BY ARCY JENISH with JOHN PETER in Vancouver and KATE FULTON in Ottawa



Harcourt-Jastles with Ottawa could help the NDP

it. "Some of the letters were very vituperative, almost pathological," said McWhinney, a former professor of constitutional law at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C. "Lumping us together with the three Prairie provinces because a very dangerous symbol of eastern Canada's disregard of B.C."

Steven Branscombe Minister Lloyd Axworthy to withhold \$47 million in transfer payments. As B.C. Premier Mike Harcourt put it, "We have had to get to understand that the reason there is such public outrage over their veto screwup is only because it is the last in a long list of discriminatory actions against British Columbia."

The Clinton government's demonstration of political duplicity received an equally rough ride elsewhere in the country. B.C. Quebec's constitutional critic Pierre Trépanier said it simply demonstrated that the veto offered to Quebec was worthless. "It doesn't mean anything, and the proof is that it didn't take a week for B.C. to abolish it," she said. Conservative justices Ralph Klein of Alberta and Gary Filmon of Manitoba both expressed reservations about the effectiveness and necessity of the veto. And Reform party unity critic Stephen Harper

The following afternoon, Liberal Justice Minister Allan Rock, flanked by his delight in B.C. caucus colleagues, announced that the country's third-largest province would be elevated and given its own veto. Under this plan, Alberta would effectively have a veto as well because it has more than 50 per cent of the population in the three Prairie provinces, which would constitute a region. The decision took news—but not all—of the strain out of a mounting protest over the government's original plan to lump B.C. with the three Prairie provinces. Political leaders of all stripes in the province dismissed Ottawa's move as a superficial bid to deal with a deep and abiding discontent with the status quo. As well, British Columbia and Ottawa remained embroiled in an increasingly acrimonious dispute over the province's new three-month residency rule for welfare recipients, which last week prompted federal

The morning was brief, the atmosphere congenial and the Prime Minister reflective. Last Wednesday evening, B.C.'s six Liberal MPs were summoned to Joe Clark's third-floor office at Parliament's Centre Block. For 30 minutes, they listened as Clinton quietly discussed his government's controversial national unity legislation, with as delicate society clause for Quebec, and its regional constitutional vetoes for Atlantic Canada, Quebec, Ontario and the West. The B.C. members were waiting to hear that their intense lobbying, combined with public pressure from constituents, had convinced the Prime Minister to amend the package by exempting the veto to British Columbia. But Clinton kept them guessing. "My lunch was well won," said Vancouver's Quinlan MP Edward McWhinney. "I called some close friends that night and told them, I think we're home."

## CANADA

# NO END OF ANGER

## A B.C. win over the veto, but the welfare war rages on



Widely Russian Cruise and Serbia in that sector.

The federal cabinet gave its final approval to the deployment just two days after a debate on the issue in the House of Commons—an exercise that opposition parties labelled a sham, contending that the government had already made up its mind about what it planned to do. Certainly when he spoke during that debate, Collette made his views clear. "It's fine for us Canadians to pound our chests and yell from the hills about world peace, world stability, world security," he said. "But unless we're prepared to do something about it, to commit our own resources, to commit our own people, then I think our words ring hollow." Collette added that without the UN intervention four years ago, hundreds more civilians might have died and that Europe from "the Atlantic to the Balkans" would have been aflame.

Those arguments failed to impress Reform party foreign affairs critic Bob Mills, who stated that Canadian soldiers are educated after years of peacekeeping duty in the former Yugoslavia, Somalia and Haiti. In Bosnia alone, 30 Canadian died, more than 100 others were wounded and many others returned suffering from psychological stress. The nation's troops, said Mills, are poorly equipped, have low morale and should not be asked to join any operation until an inquiry into the way that some Canadian soldiers lost and tortured civilians during a mission in Somalia in 1993-1994 is completed.

But while the Reform party contended that the Liberals had gone too far in committing troops, other critics said that Canada was not doing nearly enough. Describing the Canadian effort as "tokenistic," retired Maj.-Gen. Lewis Mackenzie, who commanded UN forces in Somalia in 1993, said that "one often would have wanted much more and you don't get much credit unless you put combat troops on the ground." At the same time, Canada's apparent reluctance to join the Bosnia effort at the first place only added to the criticism abroad. "Alliance pressures being what they are, there was never much doubt about us being involved," said one Canadian diplomat in Europe. "That by being the last guys to come in the party, we've annoyed everyone and missed out the goodwill we deserve."

The Liberals know, of course, that the harshest criticism may be yet to come—and when Canadian soldiers die in the service of a cause that may see as remote from Canada's national interest. Similar concerns, in fact, dogged U.S. President Bill Clinton last week as he tried to drum up public and congressional support for his bold peace initiative. Clinton won backing from former presidents George Bush and Gerald Ford. But he faced a stern warning of the perils ahead from retired Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf, the respected commander of the allied forces during the Gulf War—a warning that resonated as both sides of the border. Schwarzkopf said that excessive military involvement, along with the difficult Bosnian terrain, means that American may be drawn into a bloody and protracted conflict. "It could," he added, "be very, very difficult if things don't go our way."

LINK: FISHIER in Ottawa with BRUCE WALLACE in London

## Caucus cleavages

The natural habitat of Liberals, Jean Chrétien wrote in the upcoming version of his autobiography, *Straight From the Heart*, amounts to "covering a lot of



### BACKSTAGE OTTAWA

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

ground by staying in the centre."

To that, he added cheerfully, "I point to the centre of the crater's mouth." All of which is an elegant way of saying that when it comes to ideology, the Liberals believe that to govern is to choose—and before anything else, the Liberals choose to govern.

Throughout their history, what has been remarkable about the federal Liberals in the choreographed space with which they govern: Each of the past three decades has brought at least one major shift. Think, for example, of the overnight transformation from opposition to support of war-and-peace con-

gress (as many that will publicly split the caucus early in the new year). On a broader scale, they can't even see an ethical prohibition on the bitter debate over whether to allow American-owned bookstores into Canada is proving to be yet another source of public friction between high-profile Liberals.

Then there are splits that are less visible but no less intense. The two prior foreign affairs ministers, Christine Sewar and Raymond Chan, are both deeply committed to promoting human rights abroad, while their boss, Foreign Affairs Minister Andre Charest, is not. On economic issues, such as trade policy, the

Trade Minister Jean Chrétien and House leader Herb Gray now clash regularly as International Trade Minister Roy MacLaren outlines the most aggressive trade policies this side of Margaret Thatcher.

To that, add the divisions and arrows of estranged B.C. Liberals (they played a key role in the government's decision last week to belatedly give British Columbia a constitutional veto. Atlantic MIs are similarly upset about planned changes to unemployment insurance, Ontario MIs fear that their constituents, still hurting from recent provincial budget cuts, will rise up in revolt against the February budget, and Quebec MIs are cross with everyone but Chrétien over the country's late-winter response to the dilemma of the Oct. 30 referendum.

Still, now, the operating rule has been that Liberal MIs think whatever they want—yet at least as they do when over the Prime Minister's mantle. A party ruled by the taste for power is content to lead when the polls are high and things are good. The reverse is also true, when times are tough and the jobs go south. It is easier to kick a party out of the power of its seat and ideals. But not overlooking news for Chrétien in the days ahead.

New, pick any issue where the Liberal position was predictable, and the difference is apparent. The present Liberal caucus includes MIs who are vehemently opposed to abortion rights (Toni Waggel and Rosemarie Skelton), strongly

## STRENGTH OF EXPERIENCE

Analyze production variance

Interpret inventory control

Cost the firm's overhead

Control the firm's overhead

Control the firm's overhead

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# Canada NOTES



**THE HOUSE FROM HELL:** It took workers less than an hour to demolish the Cape Cod-style home in St. Catharines, Ont., where Paul Bernardo and Karla Homolka tortured and killed two teenagers. The Ontario government bought the house from its owners for \$95,000. The day after the demolition, the province appointed Ontario general court division Justice Dennis Campbell to review how authorities handled the murder case.

## Airbus moves

Ottawa wants to know more: minister Brian Mulroney to explain how he learned of RCMP allegations against him in the so-called Airbus affair, and whether he knows how the police investigation into alleged kickbacks was leaked to the media. Those questions were among more than 40 posed as part of a legal procedure that allows Quebec libel defendants to demand details of the case against them before stating their own defence. Mulroney went to court on Nov. 20 after his name surfaced as an RCMP investigation of alleged payoffs related to the 1986 sale of \$1.1 billion worth of European-built Airbus passenger jets to Air Canada. He has denied any wrongdoing and is suing the RCMP and the federal government for \$50 million.

John Crosbie, transport minister at the time, said he ordered an investigation into "all kinds of rumors" about kickbacks, and was later told by Air Canada and its officials that "none of the rumors are true." As well, Derek Berny,

who served as Mulroney's chief of staff in 2008, told The Toronto Star that then-U.S. ambassador Tom Nides never responded to a request to produce evidence to back complaints of secret payments to Ottawa lobbyists.

## PQ scandal

Quebec Premier Jacques Parizeau suggested that criminal law may have been involved in the awarding of several sovereignty studies commissioned by his government prior to the Oct. 30 referendum. In his annual report on Dec. 5, Quebec Auditor General Guy D'Amboise discovered a network of patronage involving nine research contracts totalling \$6.3 million. After ordering Parizeau to annul all such contracts issued by the province, Parizeau told the national assembly that the affair is "a grave and serious situation" that was even more incriminating than the Opposition Liberals had alleged. He added that "it must be ascertained whether a certain number of people organized a system in violation of the most elementary rules on conflict of interest."

## QUEEN'S PARK BEDLAM

An all-night protest at Ontario's Queen's Park legislature ended with Ontario Premier Mike Harris agreeing to allow four weeks of hearings into Bill 26, a law that would give the government unprecedented powers to regulate the police sector—from closing hospitals to telling doctors where to practice. The issue came to a head when Liberal Alvin Curling and several other Opposition MPPs refused to leave the legislature when told to do so by the Speaker, forcing the legislators into an indefinite recess.

## BLOC LEADERSHIP CONTESTED

Bloc Québécois House leader Michel Gauthier will run to replace Lucien Bouchard as leader of the party. Backed by 36 of 52 Bloc MPs, Gauthier, a former schoolteacher, was pressed to run to avoid a divisive leadership fight. Officially, the race will not begin until at least January when Bouchard is expected to be named leader of the Parti Québécois.

## CARVING UP QUEBEC

The Reform party says Canada should be prepared to partition parts of Quebec to protect the rights of loyal Canadians should the province vote to secede. In a formal position paper on Quebec, the party said that Canada should reserve the right to maintain order in Quebec until separation is final, even if it means the use of force. It also said that Ottawa should receive the province to accept its share of the federal debt based on population and guarantee the free movement of people and goods by air, rail, and water through its territory.

## ANOREXIA BREAKTHROUGH

The severe eating disorders anorexia and bulimia may be linked to reduced blood flow in the brain and not only a compulsive desire to be thin. Using brain imaging technology, researchers in England and at Toronto's Hospital For Sick Children discovered that the amount of blood flowing through the temporal areas of the brain, which control appetite, appears to be less in people with severe eating disorders than in other people.

## NATIVE DECISION REVERSED

A controversial decision by a native settlement order to banish a convicted rapist from La Ronge, Sask., for one year was overturned by the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal. Dilly Bruce Taylor was convicted of sexual assault in September, 1994, and subsequently banished to an island near La Ronge. Taylor now faces up to four years in prison.

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## Sex, TV and nostalgia

*The parliamentary campaign is a contest of image makers*

**T**he camera zooms in on a couple lying in bed. As the man attempts to embrace his companion, the woman rebuffs him, voicing a preference for Vladimir Zhirinovskiy. All others, she says, are disgusting.

That bedroom scene is one of a series of shtetzy plays for Zhirinovskiy's nascent Liberal Democratic Party, dramatizing a desire that the ultrarationalist leader hopes will be echoed by some 105 million potential voters across Russia on Dec. 17. With 43 different political groups vying for support in elections to the Duma, or lower house of parliament, sat-porn ads are the

**Zhirinovskiy on the Astor-Lorain's stairs have cost him supporters**

latest attention-getting device for a man whose popularity is waning. Zhirinovskiy was the first Russian party politician to grasp television's impact in a country spinning 11 time zones. But his explosive outbursts and wildly publicized antics—such as a fistfight in parliament with a woman deputy—have turned many former supporters against him. Now, two years after

his unexpected triumph in the last parliamentary elections, the airwaves are crowded with similar rightist political messages—and other former contenders are coming to the fore. As election day drew closer, polls showed that a wider, if disunited, group of nationalist and Communist forces is likely to dominate the Duma. The leader of Russia's main liberal bloc, Yabloko (Apple), ruefully agrees. Says Gregory Yavlinsky: "The democrats will be a minority."

TV is not for everyone. While most parties are relying on mass-mediated image makers, the resurgent Communists have limited their ads to a few clips of wooden-tongued leader Gennadiy Zyuganov haranguing party faithful through a bullhorn. Instead, the Communists are betting on the factors of history—they believe that economic and social upheavals as well as wide-spread nostalgia for the order of the Soviet era have made conditions ripe for a return to power. And to get out the vote of peasants and workers who see little benefit in Russia's rough-hewn capitalism, the party has a disciplined army of 50,000 members that is by far the largest political organization in the country.

At stake is control of a 450-seat chamber that has little power under a constitution that Russian President Boris Yeltsin petulantly dictated after a shrilling rebellious deputies into submission two years ago. Virtually all party officials describe the parliamentary campaign as a dress rehearsal for the contest that only matters presidential elections set for June. And with Yeltsin recovering from a recent heart problem at a sanatorium outside Moscow—and silent as his political future—a good showing now is essential for anyone dreaming of taking his place.

That requirement has left Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin in the awkward posi-



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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY



tion of an heir apparent who cannot seem too eager to fill the boss's chair. In addition to his position as Yeltsin's number two, Chornomyrdin is the leader of the so-called party of power, the pro-government legislative bloc, Our Home Is Russia. To be sure, the House does have the very array of parliamentarians now marching under the Communist banner. But large infusions of money from Russia's new business class, the key beneficiaries of Yeltsin's reform policies, have made Chornomyrdin's bloc practically unopposed on nationwide TV ads and billboards throughout Moscow.

These cash infusions allowed Our Home to kick out \$5.4 million for services during the last two weeks of November, outpacing Zhirinovskiy. But Our Home's slick, image-driven campaign has also incited some nasty counterattacks. Chornomyrdin's move to party illustrations, for instance, with his steepled hands evoking a protective motif, has become an object for political satire. At a time when all parties are publicly concerned about crime and corruption in Russia, not in a slung term for so-called protection money.

Our Home's nationalist and Communist rivals hardly need that embarrassing association to attack the spread of corruption during the Yeltsin era. One of the most powerful TV ads for a nationalist bloc led by Alexander Lebed—an outcast and widely popular former general—shows a man posting a wall of bills across a desk to a bureaucrat. As the official accepts the cash, a prison door slams and Lebed's distinctive broad-brimmed visor looms growing. "I strongly advise you not to..."

Lebed's Congress of Russian Communities is among the nationalist parties that Yeltsin's projects will gain at least five per cent of the popular votes cast, the cutoff point needed for a party to enter the Duma. The organizations, centered around Our Home and a few reform groups like Yabloko should also get on the ballot—and probably Zhirinovskiy. Few are likely to form lasting alliances, and no single leader seems set to emerge. A majority will probably hold a vague commitment to restoring the Soviet Union's former glory—and even its political structure.

Three very significant powers, however, will be confirmation of the prime minister—which Yeltsin can get around by making his ally Chornomyrdin "acting" PM—and approval of the budget, which does provide for huge borrowing power with the Kremlin. The aging Yeltsin will also be deprived of one traditional bar stick against a blood-soaked parliament: his constitution bars the president from dissolving a new Duma during its first year. That alone provides to make the ramp-up to the presidential election even more tumultuous than the political ad now playing on the nation's home screens.

MALCOLM GRAY in Moscow

## TEMPEST OVER DIANA

The Princess of Wales touched off a political controversy by speaking out about the homeless while sharing the platform with an opposition Labour Party MP. Calling the situation "tragic," the estranged wife of Prince Charles spoke passionately about young people resorting to begging or prostitution to eat. Some Tory MPs said she showed a lack of judgment about her impartial role, but Housing Minister David Dowie said he did not consider the speech political.

## SOUTH KOREA'S SCANDALS

Authorities froze the assets of South Korean ex-president Roh Tae Woo as they questioned him about possible aircraft kickbacks during his 1988-1993 term. His administration bought 120 General Dynamics F-16s, switching from a planned deal for F-16s from McDonnell Douglas. Roh has been indicted on bribery charges involving a slush fund of nearly \$1 billion.

## AIDS ADVANCE

Separate research teams in Germany and the United States reported finding AIDS virus suppressors that the body produces naturally. Scientists hope the discovery will eventually lead to methods of controlling the body's level of HIV for long periods, perhaps indefinitely, without causing full-blown AIDS.

## GOING AFTER GINGRICH

After months of debate, the U.S. House of Representatives ethics committee voted to discipline a national lawmaker for revealing whether Speaker Newt Gingrich broke the law by using tax-deduction donations to finance a college course he taught in Georgia. The committee also sharply criticized Gingrich for promoting his works in speeches to the House and for a book deal with waste-burner Rupert Murdoch's HarperCollins publishers.

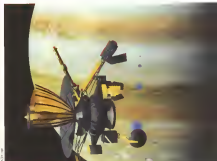
## HARLEM MASSACRE

An unidentified black man went on a rampage in New York City's Harlem area and apparently left five to 10 blacks dead and seven, killing eight people including his brother. The slain had been the subject of protests over his plans to erect a black business tent.

## FRAUD CLAIMS

The party backing Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak's government was indicted majority in first elections to parliament amid opposition charges of fraud. The Muslim Brotherhood, Mubarak's main opponent, won just one seat.

# World NOTES



**EXPLORING JUPITER:** A NASA mock-up depicts the Galileo unmanned spacecraft circling the solar system's largest planet. Scientists were delighted when Galileo began a near-perfect orbit around Jupiter, which it will maintain for two years. Around the same time, a probe launched from Galileo in July entered the Jovian atmosphere and transmitted data, in signals shown here as blue dots, for 70 minutes before being crushed by pressure 80 times Earth's.

## Phone scam

It was called Operation Senior Sentinel! For two years, FBI agents tracked scores of the scamsters who ran in the United States—high-profile telemarketers who lured their mark by elderly victims of over \$50 billion annually. Last week, the agents landed out to arrest 492 people in 15 states, aided by the evidence of referees who tape-recorded conversations with the telephone pitchmen. Another 134 suspects had been picked up earlier.

The telemarketers used a variety of scenarios, according to U.S. Attorney General Janet Reno. Commonly, they would tell people they could claim a prize or would come into wealth if only they would pay a fee or deposit. In a top widely played on television last year, a telemarketer is heard badgering a 79-year-old woman to transact the demands \$300, then just \$200, in order for her to gain a \$20,000 windfall. A 58-year-old California woman lost \$200,000, and then paid \$2,375 more to someone who said he could get some of the money back. "Unbelievably, one of

the most vicious attacks preyed on a woman who had been victimized abroad," says Reno. "That must be a new level of brazenness." A Las Vegas-based "baiter" room, as the operators are known, used the name First America Inc. to allegedly dupe the people of more than \$1.7 million. Deceitful calls up to 30 years in prison.

## A Salinas offer

Former Mexican president Carlos Salinas de Gortari offered to testify about his administration and the scandal surrounding his brother. But he did not admit his own involvement. In a charge-up for suit to news organizations, his brother Raul, in a Mexican jail on murder charges, was implicated in money laundering by Swiss authorities after his wife was arrested trying to make a \$115 million withdrawal. Carlos Salinas, last known to have been in Canada, accused rivals such as his predecessor Luis Echeverria of making him Mexico's "favorite sibling." Many Mexicans blame him for the deep recession that began shortly after he left office a year ago.

"Sure, sometimes, I could  
But no one listened.  
Then midnight struck and  
the virus was unleashed.  
People panicked and panicked  
in every house in the village...  
Just too late.  
Without protection...

you're hosed when a virus sneaks into your hard drive."

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# STORMING THE BORDER

## A growing number of western farmers oppose the wheat board's monopoly on grain exports

The outcome was an entirely a surprise—and yet it rocked Canada's agricultural sector last week. Asked whether they favor having "the freedom" to sell barley or wheat to any buyer, more than 80 per cent of the Alberta farmers who took part in a province-wide plebiscite answered yes. In so doing, they signalled their desire to abolish the monopoly on grain marketing enjoyed by the 80-year-old Canadian Wheat Board (CWB), a Crown agency that sells wheat and barley worldwide. Wheat board supporters—who contend that ending the monopoly would lead to the death of the wheat board—were crushed both of the process and of the question, especially its use of the word "freedom." And federal Agriculture Minister Ralph Goodale, who has established his own panel to review grain marketing, said the outcome merely gave "a snapshot of some producer opinion; it only one province on a wide-ranging issue that affects all Western Canada." In fact, only 16,000 of the 40,000 eligible voters actually cast ballots in the plebiscite. Even so, Alberta Agriculture Minister Walter Peadarowski insisted that farmers had sent a powerful message. "The laws have to reflect what the people need and want," Peadarowski added. "Mr. Goodale is going to have to recognize that."

Since the 1940s federal legislation has compelled Prairie farmers to sell all wheat and barley intended for human consumption or export through the board, which markets the grain worldwide, pools the returns and shares the money among producers. That lately it has come under fire, and just because of the Alberta plebiscite. Last week, a Winnipeg court heard final appeals in the trial of Manitoba farmer David Sawatzky, who was challenging the board's monopoly. A verdict is expected by the end of the year. Other farmers, meanwhile, have joined two barley-growing organizations to launch a constitutional challenge to the Canadian Wheat Board Act. Groups such as the Western Canadian Wheat Growers Association are also lobbying for change. "Farmers have the freedom to sell all of their other grain products," notes Wheat Growers president Larry Maguire. "We want farmers to have the choice of how to sell wheat and barley, too."

The Alberta plebiscite, though, did not appear to sway the NDP government in neighbouring Saskatchewan. Agriculture Minister Eric Updegraff issued a statement saying that the Alberta vote was flawed. He noted that Saskatchewan farmers produce more than half the grain marketed by the wheat board and insisted that they "remain strong supporters of the CWB." The board, meanwhile, responded to the plebiscite with its own survey. It found that while most Alberta farmers say they want the freedom to market their wheat to any buyer, only 39 per cent of respondents would favor that approach if they knew that it would lead



Farmers protesting at the U.S. border oppose shipments



Sawatzky faces sanctions for delivering wheat and barley to the United States without a license

to the elimination of the board. "With a different question," says William Harder, a Manitoba farmer and the chairman of the CWB's former advisory committee, "it's an entirely different answer."

The battle over the wheat board is being played out against a backdrop of sweeping change in Canadian agriculture. The Grain Route—the once sacred rail subsidy on the transportation of grain to ports in British Columbia and Ontario—disappeared earlier this year, a casualty of the federal government's budgetary squeeze.

And international trade agreements. Without that incentive to export, experts say, increasing numbers of processing plants and livestock operations are likely to spring up on the Prairies. In the meantime, many farmers have diversified into cattle and specialty crops that do not come under the wheat board's jurisdiction. And new technology—from computer monitors to fax machines—has

made it easier for them to keep tabs on world prices. Industry watchers say that farmers are taking a greater interest in the marketing of their products. Some are even trading cattle futures or feed barley options to cushion themselves against price fluctuations.

Alberta's Peadarowski argues that eliminating the wheat board's monopoly would encourage even greater marketing expertise.

"Ultimately, we think producers would become far more knowledgeable in marketing, far more entrepreneurial," Peadarowski said. "And in the end of the day, we feel that the average producer will be in a position to get more for his grain."

In reality, any competition of prices is contentious: there are many grades of wheat and barley, and the board regularly updates its estimated floor price. (It pays farmers only a base initial price—making up the difference after posting its returns.) Critics claim that at one point that fall, spot prices at U.S. elevators were as much as \$120 higher per ton of durum wheat than the board's projected price, in part because of differences in grading. Board officials respond that the difference was no more than \$18 and is even lower now.

Wheat board officials concede that American spot prices can be above or below their projected price at any given time, because the projection is based on a full year of sales. But even if the United States consistently offered the best price, Canada only sells about



Farmers protesting at the U.S. border oppose shipments

right per cent of its wheat exports south of the border. It would be unfair, they maintain, for a few farmers to close off the cream of the market.

They also insist that the agency needs to retain its monopoly if farmers were free to sell elsewhere, the board might not have a secure supply and so could not pick and choose among the best markets, such as China and Japan, where longer commitments are usually necessary to win a contract. "Maybe a few individual sales could make a market at a particular time," says Harder. "But in the end, I can't see the majority of producers would get a better price, because they would be competing against each other."

Some critics of the board, however, charge that the agency is not flexible enough to meet diverse needs. Those who want to get rid of the board's monopoly insist that the agency will survive in a competitive environment. They also argue that personal investors in value-added industries—pasta plants, for instance—would be more likely to set up shop on the Prairies if they did not have to buy from a monopoly seller. In any event, farmers who advocate change say that they should have the opportunity to take advantage of price fluctuations. And there has always been a significant number of farmers who oppose the board's monopoly for philosophical reasons. "The key issue," says Alberta Farmer Commission chairman Tim Barrie, whose group has long advocated a dual market, "is that farmers must choose. They should have the individual right to market their grain."

Freedom was a contentious theme in Sawatzky's trial last week. "We don't have a free country any more," the Manitoba farmer told the court in his closing arguments. "This is oppression." Sawatzky is facing two charges of exporting grain without a permit. He has admitted that he delivered wheat and barley to the United States in 1993 and 1994 without a license. But he argued in court that Canada law does not explicitly spell out the need for such a permit.

Sawatzky's trial attracted farmers from both sides of the debate. At one point, about 80 of them gathered outside the provincial court house in downtown Winnipeg. Fred Teal, a grain broker from Rosedale, Man., who wore a black baseball cap emblazoned with the board's logo, later expressed his fear that if individual farmers were allowed to ship directly to the United States, they could provoke a backlash against American producers. That added fuel to the current system of price setting in part to all. "Without the board, only the strongest will survive," he said. "That's not the way it should be."

The current position was put by Jim Pallister, Manitoba vice-president of the Western Canadian Wheat Growers Association. "All of people are uncomfortable with change," Pallister argued. "What change is coming and they're going to have to get used to it and change to release the entrepreneurial spirit of Western Canada."

For all the battles waged around the Canadian Wheat Board, there are plenty of other changes already sweeping agriculture—changes that could eventually erode the current debate. Wheat will likely remain the single hardest crop on the Prairies for many years. But it is becoming an increasingly less important grain. Krewl, a professor of agricultural economics at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, points out that the acreage devoted to canola has soared in the past five years, and that the decline of the Cron State—together with the poleward growth in the breadwheat industry—means that farmers will be growing more food grains for domestic consumption, which are outside of the board's purview. "The wheat board," Krewl says, "will become a relatively less important player in the merchandising of all Prairie crops." For now, of course, it remains an important institution, the object of much emotional debate in an era of dramatic change.

MARY McNEIL in Calgary with GUY MACGILLIVRAY in Winnipeg

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## BUSINESS

# Office-party hell



## PERSONAL BUSINESS

BY ROSS LAVER

It's second ferry at the time, but in the cold light of morning the duty-scheduling manager at an Ottawa communications company was beside herself with embarrassment.

After a few drinks at the annual office Christmas bash the night before, she had traded one-liners with a male subordinate who had dressed for the occasion in a Scottish kilt. At one point, she leaned closer and playfully reached for his crutch, asking whether it was true that he was wearing nothing underneath. "He laughed about it, but when I awoke up the next morning I was mortified," the manager recalls. "What made it worse was that he hadn't been working for me all that long, and I didn't know how very well. A couple of days later, I finally got up the nerve to phone and apologize. The whole thing was incredibly stupid."

Stupid, yes, but hardly unusual—other than the fact that the instigator in this case was a woman. For so long as there have been holiday office parties, employees and bosses have been getting cut and away by the spirit of the season, drinking in excess and flirting—or worse—with colleagues. All in good fun? Not if the target of those advances is a subordinate, under the law. But, thanks to an sexual harassment. Consumer Oshesha, an employment specialist in the Toronto law firm of Flower Levin & Associates, says she has handled at least half a dozen cases in the past three years in which questionable behaviour at office Christmas parties resulted in formal complaints against male managers. In two of these cases, the managers were dismissed. "Christmas is a time, embrace your fellow-man nature, but the law is still the law," says Oshesha. "People don't go into these situations thinking that an little innuendo could cost them their job."

Heightened concern about sexual harassment in the workplace is only one reason why the traditional company celebration has become a legal and social minefield. A generation ago, when the office was still largely a male province, drunkenness and lewdish behavior were precisely obligatory at many company parties. A wild, boozed blowout, the thinking went, was good for morale. But any

wearing a lamp shade on your head now and chances are that your department head will think hard before recommending you for that big promotion. Nor is it wise to challenge the CEO to a beer-chugging contest. These days, he or she probably never touches anything stronger than Perrier.

Increasingly, employers are also concerned about being held liable for damages caused by intoxicated employees. Although few firms go so far as to ban drinking at office parties, open bars are now less common and many companies either pay for taxis or require designated driver pools to ensure revellers get home safely. "No corporation wants to be seen encouraging overindulging that can lead to injury or death," declares Andrew

Dalman, a professor of management at Rochester Institute of Technology in upstate New York.

Dalman, who has researched office parties since the mid-1980s, says the current trend is towards family-oriented events and less booze. Besides, as an era of cost-cutting and layoffs, many companies are embarrassed to be hosting lavish

activities. A recent sent by Toronto-based United Communications Inc. last week to its 3,700 employees across the country explained that, beginning this holiday season, the money-losing phone company will no longer fund staff Christmas parties replacing them with several smaller children's parties. In the past, United spent more than \$400,000 a year on adult bashes, complete with live music and expensive door prizes. "Given our commitment to evaluate every aspect of our business and provide value to our customers, ignoring the costs associated with the various adult parties is simply unaffordable," the memo said.

For companies that prefer traditional staff parties, Oshesha has some advice: one of the best ways to lower the risk of sexual harassment charges is to avoid music that encourages slow dancing. "Too many women I've talked to find it uncomfortable and inappropriate when managers come up to them and ask for a slow dance," she says. And if you really must make a pass at a co-worker, at least make sure that it's someone higher up the corporate ladder.

# Spirit for the moment.

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman dancing intimately. The woman is wearing a dark, patterned dress and has her eyes closed in a moment of joy. The man is wearing a light-colored shirt and is also smiling. In the foreground, a bottle of Ballantine's Scotch Whisky is prominently displayed, with its label clearly visible. The bottle is partially filled, and there are some decorative elements around it, including what looks like a small Christmas tree or festive lights. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor party setting.



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#### PRIVATIZING THE SKIES

Federal Transport Minister Doug Young agreed to transfer control of Canada's air-traffic control system to a nonprofit corporation for \$1.5 billion. Near Canada, air-traffic control is called, respectively, pilots, aircraft owners, air-traffic controllers and others in the aviation industry. Ottawa hopes that the deal, which takes effect in April, will save it more than \$200 million a year. "What we're doing is taking the control and the passengers to pay the cost of the air navigation system," Young said.

#### BAYTONS SEEK BATON

Toronto's Eldon family has offered \$650 million to buy the 47 per cent of Baton Broadcasting Inc. shares that it does not already own. The move comes at a time of sweeping change in the Canadian TV industry, and three months after Baton doubled its stake in CTV to 25 per cent. Another CTV owner, WCI Western International Communications Ltd. of Vancouver, is fighting a hostile takeover bid by GeoWest Communications Corp. of Winnipeg.

#### COMPETITION FOR CNN

The ABC and NBC television networks are each planning to launch 24-hour news networks, hoping to break CNN's hold on that segment of the market. NBC, a unit of General Electric Co., is negotiating with Microsoft Corp. of Seattle on a plan for both an all-news cable channel and an interactive on-line video service that would offer further details and background material.

#### MORE DISCLOSURE, PLEASE

Securities law should be changed so that shareholders can sue corporations that delay releasing news that could affect share prices, the Toronto Stock Exchange says. Among other things, an interim committee report suggests that all corporate news releases be held to the same high standards as a prospectus. "It's very simple," said committee chairman Thomas Allen. "Tell me the truth in a timely manner and you're not in trouble."

#### POLLUTION PLAN SLAMMED

The B.C. government plan to cut auto emissions dramatically will impose heavy costs on car buyers and taxpayers, Canada's auto industry says. Under proposals unveiled by provincial Environment Minister Moe Smith, all new vehicles sold in British Columbia by 2001 would have to produce 70-per-cent less pollution than today's new cars. The executive says the regulations will add \$158 to the price of a typical car, but industry officials say the extra cost could be as much as \$2,300.

# Business NOTES



CIBC chairman Flood defending his bank's service charges record earnings

## The billion-dollar bankers

Canada's two largest banks reported record profits that surpassed the billion-dollar threshold. The Royal Bank of Canada, the country's largest bank, declared a \$1.26-billion profit in 1995, the third-largest profit ever recorded by a Canadian company. Number Two Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce made \$1.02 billion, its best result yet. The record earnings brought the combined profits of the country's six largest chartered banks to a new high of \$5.2 billion, an increase of 21 per cent over last year.

The soaring profits, combined with recent increases in service charges imposed on customers, provided a wave of criticism from small-business owners and consumer representatives. Democracy Watch, an Ottawa-based advocacy group, called on the federal government to force banks to reveal how much it costs them to provide various services. That information, the organization said, would make it easier for consumers to determine whether they are being charged fair fees.

Both Royal Bank chairman John Cleghorn and CIBC chief exec. A.J. Flood, however, staunchly defended the current level of service charges. Each bank distributed a array of charts and analyses intended to show that

this year's earnings are not out of line with the bank's size. "Service charges are probably the cheapest form of consumer service that Canadians get," Cleghorn told reporters. Flood, for his part, maintained that his company "makes a tremendous contribution to this country" in terms of the loans it pays, the people it employs and the dividends it pays to shareholders.

### A new target

Finance Minister Paul Martin pledged to cut the federal deficit to two per cent of the country's gross domestic product by 1997-1998, which would bring it down to the equivalent of \$17 billion from the \$32.7-billion figure expected in the current fiscal year. The minister's promise goes beyond the Liberal 1993 campaign promise to reduce the deficit to three per cent of GDP by 1996-1997. Martin said the government is still committed to balancing the budget, but he declined to set a date for that goal. And while he described his commitment as "rock hard," he did not outline any specific spending cuts that would help the government meet its new objective. Ontario and Quebec are the only Canadian governments that have not set deadlines for balancing their budgets.



# A fond farewell to 'Rob' Davies

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

**A**lmost all are replaceable, minus the modern masters, betraying the ethic of programmed obsolescence that has come to dominate our culture. But there are exceptions, and one of them—Robert Davies—died last week, leaving a gap in the Canadian conscience that can never be filled.

A society can afford to lose only so many voices of civility before it feels cut loose from its spiritual moorings. In the past decade, but for a departed Canadian leaven of enlightenment has included Morley Callaghan, Marvin Eggi, Barbara Frum, Northing Frye, Margaret Laurence, Roger Lapalis, Arthur Lawler, Hugh MacLennan and Sandy Ross. Perhaps the greatest of them was Davies, and it seems curiously appropriate to pay tribute to the man and his work in the *Maclean's* House Roll issue, which salutes Canadians who have contributed most actively to their home country (Davies was a member of the 1988 honor roll).

"Rob," as he was known to his friends, cast himself as a relic of 19th-century thought and sentiment, the champion of excluded eccentricity and the most reluctant of patriots, finding Canada hard to endure, yet impossible to leave. "Gee, how I have tried to love this country," one of the characters in his play, *Domestic Fly*, exclaims. "I have given all I have in Canada—my love, my hate, and now my bitter indifference. But this raw, frostbitten place has worn me out and its frostbitten people have numbed my heart."

In less lofty language, he once explained to me that while he had many chances to live elsewhere, he just couldn't bring himself to leave. "I belong here," he told me. "To divorce yourself from your roots is spiritual suicide. I just am a Canadian. It's not a thing you can escape from. It's like having blue eyes."

Well, not quite. The late Davies chose for himself hardly quainter lodgings as one of the McKinnon Brothers, run of the mill Canadians. After graduating from Upper

*I have tried to love this country. I have given it my love, my hate, and my bitter indifference. But this raw, frostbitten place has worn me out.*

Canada College and Oxford's Balliol College, he eventually created an intellectual haven for himself, an independent master of the University of Toronto's Massey College. Inside its elegant, very un-Canadian walls, he moved among his Fellows in their pained splendor, looking quite magnificent in his macramé beard, living in the Master's Lodge, presiding at High Table, setting stuff out at Amen's horn, sipping claret, and responding with supreme indifference to charges that the institution he headed was unbalanced, racist, unrepresentative, and maybe even a little absurd. The place reflected perfectly his view of life and his genius for excluded eccentricity that was captured so brilliantly in his novels.

All the while he presided over Massey College, stewarding tradition over practicality, the master was playing a splendid joke on his detractors. In 1970, after writing 21 novels, plays and works of theatrical criticism that brought him mild approval at home and virtually no notice abroad, Davies published *Eight Seasons to Universal International Acclaim*. Said William and John Fowler, then the English-speaking world's best fiction writers, were lead in their praise, as was *The New*

*York Times*, and just about every other review. Davies had finally found his place at the pinnacle of literary acclaim, where he'd always dwelt in spirit. That success was rewarded with *The Massey* and his 10 subsequent novels.

I spent much of an afternoon chatting with Davies in 1972 while he presided over Massey College, later attending one of his High Table dinners, and it is from those occasions that the quanta in this column are taken. Despite his theatrical appearance and deliberate, dated manner, Davies laid nothing worse than what he called "young fakes"—those pretenders who look young and exuberantly harp on the fact that they are young, but think and act with a degree of candor that would be excessive in their grandfathers. "They are the curse of the world," he thundered, "their very conservatism is secondhand, and they don't know what they are concerning."

While he had great respect for his craft, Davies outgrew himself as a storyteller. "I think of an author as somebody who goes into the marketplace and puts down his rag and says, 'I will tell you a story,' and then passes the bat. And when he's taken up his collection, he tells his story, and just before the disengagement he passes the bat again. If it's worth anything, fine. If not, he ceases to be an author."

In our conversation, he kept coming back to why he felt so alienated yet absorbed with being Canadian. "Canada demands a great deal from people," he pronounced, each syllable emphasized, like a preacher transcribing a benediction, "and so, as some countries are, quick to offer in return a pleasant atmosphere or easy kind of life. I mean, France demands so useful let from her people too, but France also offers gifts in the way of a great, pleasant sort of life and many pleasures. Canada is not really a place where you are encouraged to have large spiritual adventures."

And he lamented: "A lot of people recognize that my novels aren't about Canada. I think they are, because I see Canada as a country torn between a very northern, rather extraordinary mystical spirit which it fears and its desire to present itself to the world as a Scotch banker. This makes for tension, and tension is the very stuff of art, plays, novels, the whole lot."

Like his novels, Davies's conversation was peppered with the supernatural. "I am very interested in the condition of sainthood," he told me. "It is just as interesting as hell. Most saints have been unbearable nuisances in life. Some were reformers, some were magicians, some were visionaries, but all were intensely alive, and thus a rebuke to people who were not. So easy to get martyred because nobody could stand them. Society hates exceptional people because such people make them feel inferior."

Robert Davies was, if not a saint, certainly a genius, and most assuredly a sage and a maverick. It was to his credit and to our gain that he was also such a magnificent storyteller.

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# The 1995 HONOR ROLL

Why me?" says the voice at the other end of the telephone. "I haven't done anything special." That sentiment is a common reaction from many people invited by Maclean's to join the annual Honor Roll, a select group of 12 Canadians who "made a difference" in such modesty a Canadian character trait? Perhaps. More likely, though, it is typical of most extraordinary people that they consider their achievements merely ordinary.

Still, there is nothing ordinary about the lives and contributions of the 1995 Honor Roll members. Take Anne Tannenbaum who has quietly emerged as one of the most generous philanthropists in the country's history, or country-singing sensation Sherry Twiss, whose rise from a humble background to big-league success is truly extraordinary; or dynamic entrepreneur Jebel Hoffman, who has shown how an unassuming Canadian can profitably navigate the information highway. And then there are actress Sandra Oh, director Clement Virgo and skater Elise Ström, who have made lifetime achievements while still in their 20s.

Conversations with outstanding Canadians who feel they are simply being themselves is a big part of the job for Peter Goswami, himself an extraordinary honoree. One of those Goswami has interviewed on his radio show is Raupht Chandra, internationally renowned for establishing a link between healthy eating and healthy bodies.

Heroically confronting death is a thread that binds several of this year's honorees. Thomas Hoppe, a sergeant in war-torn Bosnia, twice put his life on the line to save others. Nurse Andrië Gauvin has dedicated her life to comforting the dying. Race-car driver Jacques Villeneuve saw challenges death almost daily, while Priscilla de Villiers has found a new mission in life after her daughter's tragic murder.

Each Honor Roll member receives a bronze medal depicting Pegasus, the conquering winged horse, designed by Toronto artist Doris de Pooty-Rhul—an appropriate tribute for today's mythic achievers.



MICHAEL BENEDIOT



A salute to  
extraordinary  
Canadian achievers

# Cinderella of Country

Shania Twain looks at home in the bush. She grew up there, learning to hunt and trap and work a chain saw with her Ojibwe father. Her home town of Timmins is about 700 km north of Toronto, or 1,300 km north of Nashville—and light-years removed from this cool November night in Manhattan, where country music's hottest new sensation is rehearsing for the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. Standing on a foodstuffs aisle, she sports through her hit *Any Man of Mine*. It is a hoodwink song with sowing fables, a fat drunkard and laugh-check lyrics—"Any man of mine better disapprove when I say an other women's lookin' better than me." After it ends, she glides into the lights of a waiting TV crew. The interviewer asks about Thanksgiving, and she says it has always been a big occasion for her, without bothering to explain that Canadian Thanksgiving is long gone. No matter. On the day of the parade, a cherry-picker truck will hoist Twain onto a monstrous turkey float four stories high, and she will smile and wave to crowds of people who have no idea where she is from. "What are you going to wear?" asks the TV interviewer. "Thermals," replies Twain, without raising a brow. Where you are from Timmins, you know about thermals.

The next morning, Twain arrives late to greet a visitor, but the time has been well spent on hair, wardrobe and makeup. Behind the cover-girl beauty, however, is a down-home charm—and a Cinderella life story that sounds like the stuff of a country song. "We were really poor," says Shania, the second of five children born to Gerald Twain and his Irish-Canadian wife, Sharon, "although I never considered it that bad. We would go for days with just bread and milk and sugar—what it is in a pot. I'd judge other kids' wealth by their lunches. If a kid had baked goods, that was like, oh, they must be rich."

Pushed by her parents, who detected her talent at an early age, Twain first sang at bars at 15 and began touring rock bands in her teens. (I'd walk home alone at 3 a.m. with a rock in my pocket.) Then in 1987, when she was 21, her parents were killed in a collision with a logging truck. For three years, Twain supported her siblings by singing at the upscale Deerhurst Resort in Huntsville, Ont., where she was discovered by a Nashville impresario. She changed her given name, Shania, to Shewell (Ojibwa for "on my way") and recorded an album. But the big break came in 1992 when Robert John (Mutt) Lange, then living in England, struck up a phone friendship, without her realizing that he was the producer behind such stellar rock acts as Bryan Adams, AC/DC and Def Leppard. Twain and Lange spent hours on the phone composing songs together. By the time they met, they were close friends. Six months later, they married.

Now 33, Twain calls her life "a dream come true." Her second album, *The Woman in Me*, which Lange produced this year, has sold more than three million copies in the United States and 700,000 in Canada. And the couple has bought a large property on a private lake in upstate New York, where they have built a studio and begun constructing a house. Shania's dream home in the bush. Success, of course, has made life more complicated. In Manhattan, she has no time for Christmas shopping. Instead, for the benefit of the TV crew, she takes a spin around the skating rink at the famed Rockefeller Plaza. Having shovels of recognition from the crowd, she waves and smiles, a Canadian guest star carving her name in the American Dream. The name has fulfilled its prophecy: Shania is well on her way.

GRAHAM D. JOHNSON

'We would go for days with just bread and milk and sugar'

# Shania Twain

## Courage under fire

**T**he late August day began like most others in Sniper Alley during the summer of 1994—with sporadic gunfire. Sniper Alley, just outside the Bosnian valley town of Visoko, had earned its name from the gunfire that regularly peppered us relief convoys using the stretch of road to reach the outskirts of Sarajevo, 25 km to the south. But on this day, the apparent targets were neither combatants nor gascookers. The gunfire came from two ridges occupied by rival armies of Serbs and Muslims. Among both sets of semi-trained backgamers, recalls Thomas Hoppe, now 30, the Canadian sergeant whose eight-person patrol was sta-



# Thomas Hoppe

tioned that day in a fortified observation post at one end of Sniper Alley, "there was a lot of drinking going on. These guys would get totally blitzed and take pictures at us. It was amusing."

But Hoppe's mission turned to alarm when he noticed three young boys cowering near the entrance to a cemetery 45 m away—within firing range of both armies. The Vancouver-based pseudoscout, a member of the Calgary-based Lord Strathcona's Horse armoured regiment, became even more alarmed when he saw bullets kicking up small geysers of dust from the roadway just metres from the cemetery gate. With gunfire continuing from the hills, Hoppe instructed the driver of an armoured personnel carrier to provide moving cover by driving slowly out of the post's gate. On foot, Hoppe looped alongside, keeping the vehicle's broad white bulk between himself and the incoming rounds until he stood in the cemetery's driveway. Then, Hoppe left the protection of the carrier's shadow to hurry the three youngsters through its big rear doors and into comparative safety. "It wasn't really worried," he says now.

It was the second time in as many months that Hoppe had demonstrated bravery under fire. The 10-year military veteran, who joined the army immediately after graduating from high school at age 18, had deeply impressed his superiors only six weeks earlier when he safely extricated his patrol of two armoured vehicles from a fierce firefight that, after

engaging between Muslims and Serb positions, had quickly engulfed his unit.

For the two actions, then Gov. Gen. Ralston Hnatyshyn earlier this year decorated Hoppe with the Meritorious Service Cross and the Medal of Bravery—making him one of the few Canadian soldiers to be twice decorated for courage since the Second World War. That honor and its accompanying two gleaming silver medals nestled in matching black leatherette cases, have in fact made little difference to Hoppe's life since he retired from the military in the spring. Back in Vancouver, the former sergeant's closest contact with military equipment these days is with the plastic models of tanks and armored vehicles that line one wall of the hobby shop, owned by his parents, where he now works. Single again after a brief marriage, Hoppe has turned to sailing the choppy waters of English Bay to recapture some of the excitement of his former career. But he acknowledges that it is a partial substitute for military action, and that he is considering re-enlisting. "Casualties," he observes with regret, "don't know a lot about their military or about the guys sacrificing their lives over there. It's sad." Still, with peace at last about to return to Bosnia and Sniper Alley, that is an oversight that Hoppe's courage and double decoration may finally begin to redress.

CHRIS WOOD



*'Canadians don't know a lot about the guys sacrificing their lives over there. It's sad.'*

## A new media storyteller

Isabel Hoffmann's eyes twinkle as she launches into a story. "How many of you believe in Santa Claus?" the energetic businesswoman asks about 120 young children and their parents at an elementary school "Family Science Night." Only a few raise their hands. "Well, Santa Claus exists, he really does," Hoffmann insists. "He has a toy factory at the North Pole. And he has a demand and supply problem—there are more good children in the world than there are toys."

That combination of childlike wonder and entrepreneurial spirit is typical of Hoffmann, the slattery president and chief executive officer of I. Hoffmann + Associates Inc., which in less than a decade has evolved from a key one-person operation into one of Canada's leading multimedia training, consulting and production firms. From her headquarters in a historic three-story gingerbread Victorian house in downtown Toronto, she presides over a high-tech empire that is growing by leaps and bounds. This summer, one of her firm's many divisions, ABCos, released the first in a series of 16 animated educational CD-ROMs for four- to eight-year-olds, inspired by bedtime stories she shared with her only child, Nikolas, now six. "I always encouraged his participation," says Hoffmann, 37, sounding more like the nurturing mother than the shrewd deal maker. "It was very interactive."

The CD-ROM release followed a deal with Ottawa-based Corel Corp., a leading developer of computer graphics software, to distribute her original and interactive Nikolas' Adventures series in 60 countries. She also negotiated an agreement with Apple Computer Inc. to package Nikolas' Travels—the first of the CD-ROMs featuring Nikolas and his bumbling friend, a toy cat named Know-How—with Macintosh's new Performa line of home computers. Since it first appeared on the shelves in August, the popular CD-ROM—which helps kids learn to read and spell—has sold more than 100,000 copies, making it a runaway best-seller in the children's market.

Raised in Switzerland and Portugal, Hoffmann moved to Canada in 1976 to study astrophysics at the University of Toronto after the Portuguese universities

closed amid political turmoil. But because of her difficulties with English, she switched into mathematics, which posed fewer language barriers. A gifted scholar, she graduated with distinction and taught mathematics at the university while completing two master's degrees: one in computer science, the other in measurement evaluation and computer applications. A self-starter with little patience for bureaucracy, Hoffmann grew frustrated with academia and established her own computer consulting business in 1985. Six years later, in a unique private-sector partnership with the University of Toronto, she landed a contract to set up and administer its new Information Technology Design Centre, a division of the school of architecture. Hoffmann still serves as director of the facility, now recognized as one of the world's leading training centres for computer-assisted design. Her husband Ulys, meanwhile, acts as vice-president and creative director of her firm.

An accomplished pianist whose favorite composer is Chopin, Hoffmann tries to play at least half an hour a day to "help clear my mind." That may appear to be a welcome respite in an age when many people are suffering from information overload. But Hoffmann contends that the new technology is nothing to fear. "The beauty of living right now is that everything is chaotic," she says. "You can shape it, you can create it. For me, the most important thing is being able to tell my stories—and allowing others to tell theirs."

SCOTT STEELE



*"The beauty of living right now is that everything is chaotic. You can shape it, you can create it."*



PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT STEELE

# Isabel Hoffmann

# T A distinctly Canadian voice

He's asking seems far too late for the country retreat of a man who routinely invokes the majesty of the Canadian landscape. But in an unassuming cottage tucked onto a crowded street by the shore of Lake Simcoe, one hour northeast of Toronto, Peter Gzowski watches a morning snowfall feather his backyard—the marked way of a winter golf course that he first played as a gently 32-year-old. A decade ago, Gzowski bought this house just down the road from his grandparents' former cottage and the graveyard where Stephen Leacock lies. "This is where I'm grounded," says the host of the circle Monique. "I feel I'm a part of this community—not the guy on the radio."

Still, at 61, Gzowski finds it increasingly difficult to shake the celebrity baggage of his guy on the radio whose halting, evocative lyrics are hailed as one of the invisible threads binding a fractious country into a sense of belonging. Midway through this, the 14th season of a show he likes to call "a sort of village bulletin board for the nation," he has found himself swamped in honors, notably a Governor General's Award for the performing arts. He worries that the accolade could separate him from his listeners, with whom he has forged an intimacy unenvied in broadcasting. But he could not hide his delight last June over an honorary doctorate from the University of Toronto, which he had been dropped out of four decades earlier. "It took me 43 years to get a degree," he chuckles.

For Gzowski, that moment was guided by the grief of his five grown children as the audience—a series of family he rarely knew as an only child whose parents divorced in his infancy. Growing up shy in Galt, Ont., he hung out after school at the public library where his mother worked, forming a bond with books that marks his show still. "I know who Dorothy Parker was before I knew about Syd Apple," he recalls.

Years later, that same infectious curiosity turned him into newspapering, in journalism, Gzowski's star soared. In the 1960s, he threw himself into covering Quebec's Quiet Revolution. And in 1971, his first trip to the Arctic began a romance with the North and native culture that he was the first to bring to mainstream audiences.

That fall, he wove his affection for those regional traditions into an experimental radio tapestry called *This Country at the Morning*, the precursor of his current show. For the past 10 summers, he boots off to host the rainbow-wedged tour-de-force that have raised more than \$4 million for Canadian literacy. But during the rest of the year, the alarm goes off at exactly 3:13 a.m., summoning him to the research and chatty scripts that make his job appear deceptively easy. Each year, he laments that the current season may be his last.

Two summers ago, on his 60th birthday, he arrived at his cottage to find a handwritten list, laid closed with a twig from the tree above Leacock's grave, and containing letters of wit and tribute from friends. Among them was one from critic Robert Fulford that saluted the nagging self-doubt that propels Gzowski to brace for each morning's show as if it were his last. "There are many reasons why Peter is as good as he is," Fulford wrote, "but one reason stands above all the others: he has the courage to be weird." Gzowski smiles between drags on his omnipresent cigarette. "Fulford," he says, "is a pretty smart man."



*'I feel I'm a part of this community—not the guy on the radio'*

# Anne Tanenbaum



*'Once you're gone, your money can't do anything. Right now, it can do a lot of good.'*



## W A living legacy

When asked why she gives her money away, 55-year-old Anne Tanenbaum avoids grand pronouncements. Instead, she shrugs her shoulders and tells a story, filled with just a hint of her native New York City accent. When she was only five years old, her widower father, a strict businessman, put her in charge of gazing the reindeer every week. She performed the chore faithfully for weeks, she says, until one day a stranger knocked on the door. "He said he had five children, and they were starving, and there's no money—could I help them out?" she recalls. "And I thought, 'I'll give him the milk money.'" When her father returned from work, he praised her for giving the man money—but chided her for giving it all away. Yet she made no apologies. Recalls Tanenbaum: "I said, 'But five children? You've got to help them!'"

More than 50 years later, that simple philosophy of helping

out still drives Tanenbaum—although the scale of giving has ballooned from milk money to millions of dollars, touching the lives of countless Canadians. In 1984, after moving to Toronto with her father, she met and married Max Tanenbaum, then a budding entrepreneur who went on to amass a fortune in steel fabrication and real estate before his death in 1983. Today, Anne Tanenbaum still lives in the lakeside Toronto condominium that her husband built 10 years ago, and she has quietly become one of Canada's most generous philanthropists.

The Tanenbaum family is part of the cultural fabric of Toronto. Anne and her six children all give generously to charities and to cultural institutions, including the Canadian Opera Company and the Art Gallery of Ontario, which has been a special beneficiary of the family's largesse. All told, the family has donated more than \$50 million to the gallery, the Sculpture Atlas—including two Rodens—the European Masters collection and the gallery art school all bear the Tanenbaum name. She, herself, has donated many paintings acquired through her long-standing interest in art. "I thought, I want to give them to the gallery," she says simply, "because then everybody will see them."

And then there are the scientific and scholarly grants. Among them, she has established chairs in molecular and developmental biology at Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital and in cognitive neuroscience at the city's Baycrest Centre for Geriatric Care—helping to put Canadian scientists on the cutting edge of research who diseases that threaten the lives of thousands. In October, Tanenbaum made her

most generous gift yet—the \$10-million Anne and Max Tanenbaum Jochi Chair Program, which will establish five medical chairs for research in molecular medicine and neuroscience at the University of Toronto and four Toronto hospitals. The private donation is one of the largest in Canadian research history and, Tanenbaum hopes, might lead to a cure for Alzheimer's disease, which has afflicted several of her friends and relatives. "The need is so great," she explains. "To see those people, who can't use their minds at all, I said, 'I'll give all I can!'"

When talking about herself, she is the picture of modesty. But there is a sense—something in her vivacity or her sense of humor, or her clear optimism—that doing good is innate to Tanenbaum. Consider her reaction to the suggestion that she could easily leave all her money to her 32 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. "But then, what will they do with it?" she replies. "They'll buy bigger cars, or bigger houses—that's what it amounts to." Instead, she is creating a legacy not merely of wealth, but of something that she hopes will prove of greater worth. "Once you're gone, your money can't do anything," says Tanenbaum matter-of-factly. "Right now, it can do a lot of good."

JOE CHIDLEY

# Clement Virgo



*'I wanted to be strong, smart, good-looking, cool, tough'*

## Heating up the screen

he irony of being an acclaimed Canadian director was beginning to sink in. Clement Virgo, 29, has just returned from Europe, where various film festivals invited him to show his highly praised first feature, *Rude*. For the first time in his life, Virgo was treated to business class. He enjoyed the luxury as perking, the free drinks, the hot face cloths, but found it all a bit disconcerting. "They serve you constantly," he says, "and you realize there are people who live like this all the time." Now, Virgo is back home, eating breakfast at a diner near his small downtown apartment, where he lives alone, and wondering why, for someone so honored, he has no money. Yet, he concedes, the olive wool jacket he is wearing is an Armani, "but I ate lunch for a long time to pay for it." As for *Rude*, despite eight Genie nominations, it has failed to break Canadian cinema's tradition of box-office failure. No wonder Virgo is trying to imagine a different kind of future, one that would include a *Cherokee* or a *Pattinder*, maybe a house. "I want to be one of those normal people," he laughs, as the waiter sets down his plate of scrambled eggs. "I'd like to do a boxing movie with Brad Pitt and make some money."

He is not being entirely facetious. Although he has never boxed, Virgo is a huge fan of the sport. Growing up in the Jamaican beach town of Montego Bay during the 1970s, he had posters of three superstars in his room: Muhammad Ali, Bruce Lee and Philo Ali was his favorite. "He was the first Third World hero," says Virgo. "As kids, we'd debate whether Superman could beat up Ali. I didn't want to be a fighter. But I wanted to be like him—strong, smart, good-looking, cool, tough."

His home town was a world divided between the servants and the served. "We were always told to be nice to the tourists," he remembers. "They had a beach we couldn't go

to, but they could come to our beach and mingle." At 11, he emigrated to Canada with his brother, his two sisters and mother, a nurse's aide, who was intent on securing a better education for her kids. Their father, a discographer, decided to stay behind. Toronto was hard at first. Virgo endured the embarrassment of attending English-as-a-second-language class to have his Jamaican accent neutralized—"they beat it out of you," he recalls.

He spent his teenage years in a public housing project, but rejects the cliché of the hard-buck immigrant overcoming the odds. His luck has not been so bad. After high school, his interest in men's fashion led to a job as a window dresser. Then, pursuing a love for movies, he spent a year studying at the Canadian Film Centre, where he directed an award-winning short and completed his script for *Rude*.

A surreal weave of stories set in a housing project, *Rude* is the first feature created entirely by black Canadian filmmakers, and it is a highly accomplished directing debut. Playing both poet and provocateur, Virgo subverts bleak male stereotypes with some wondrous sexual and racial scenarios. He wanted to get people's attention, and he succeeded. An invitation to the Cannes Film Festival last May catapulted Virgo into the spotlight. But since then, he has become pessimistic about the commercial fate of serious films with nonwhite protagonists. "People don't want to hear about race or sexism," he sighs, downing the last of his coffee. "They want to see *Dumb and Dumber*." But with various scripts under way, and a Hollywood dream up his sleeve—sending Brad Pitt into the ring as the Great White Hope—Clement Virgo continues to fight for the audience he deserves. He is a contender.

BRIAN JOHNSON



*"There is a richness and beauty to even the smallest of everyday occurrences"*

Andrée Gauvin

## Living for the dying

**F**rom the brightly decorated fifth-floor office in east-end Montreal where Andrée Gauvin spends most of her weekdays, the comforts of home are only a few steps away. Two doors to her left, a sitting room features plush couches and a piano; across the hall is a washing machine and dryer, and a small kitchen nearby has a refrigerator, coffee maker and microwave. Those are among the reassuring amenities of everyday life that Gauvin takes great care to provide to people for whom everything—and most especially life—can no longer be taken for granted. As the director of volunteer services at the Palliative Care Unit of Notre Dame Hospital, the 57-year-old Gauvin spends her days among the terminally ill and their families, comforting the ward, chatting cheerfully (as a first-name basis with them and ensuring, as she says, "that this final period of time together is as much about living as it is about dying."

Until Gauvin persuaded Notre Dame Hospital to set up a palliative care unit 18 years ago, there was no such service available for terminally ill francophones in Quebec or, indeed, anywhere else in the French-speaking world. Her experience at the time consisted of less than three years as a nurse and only two years in palliative care work as a volunteer at Montreal's then-largely English-speaking Royal Victoria Hospital. Among francophones, she said, "there seemed to be a notion that the dying posed a sort of threat to the living [and] that they did not deserve the same sort of attention."

Gauvin almost single-handedly changed that perception, both within Quebec and Europe. By the early 1980s, she had become recognized as a pioneer and expert in a fast-developing field, and began receiving regular invitations to provide advice and instruction in France and Switzerland. In recognition of her efforts, the government of France, which usually only honors its own citizens, in June named her a Knight of the National Order of the Legion d'Honneur, one of its highest honors.

But the evasive Gauvin, who has three adult children with her husband, Pierre, an ophthalmologist, insists that her greatest satisfaction comes from her daily exposure to what she calls "the ultimate school of life." Says Gauvin: "The focus is not on dying, but on living that final experience. You learn that there is a richness and beauty to even the smallest of everyday occurrences." In her regular visits with patients and their families, she encourages them to feel as much at home as possible and promotes the notion that she and her team of 40 volunteers should be viewed upon as an extended family. "Never talk down or provide false hope to a patient," Gauvin says, "and never be judgmental."

Her work has clearly affected her outlook. She is now guided by the strong belief that "life, to the end, is to be celebrated." Gauvin does that in several ways in her private life, playing tennis all year, skiing in winter and "devoting myself passionately to gardening" in summer. Despite her upbeat nature, she confesses that several times a year, "I need to get away for a bit, to put my work behind me, and recharge my spirit." But always, Gauvin comes back, fuelled by the need to comfort others that when death is close, the joys of life seem most precious.



ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

# Jacques Villeneuve

*'I want to be first, but to win the race, you have to finish the race'*



Photo: J. G. Gosselin

## Speeding to the top

In the early-morning light, the craggy peaks of the Serra de Sintra mountains glowed amber against the pale blue sky. Nearby, fishing boats from Cascais headed into the Atlantic. And in between, Jacques Villeneuve was making a tumble ricket. With his Williams-Renault wearing its only a Formula One car can, the native of St-Jean-sur-Richelieu, Que., was spurring around the lively Autódromo de Estoril during a late-November test at the site of the Portuguese Grand Prix. Accelerating out of the final turn, on his way to a speed in excess of 300 km/h, he felt something in his rear suspension snap. The car immediately pitched sideways, threatening to spin out, but in a split second Villeneuve corrected the slide with a deft touch of his steering wheel. He never even took his foot off the accelerator. "I knew it was a good lap, so I didn't want to let," he says over lunch, grinning his wide Villeneuve grin. Was it unnerving to be going sideways at 350 km/h? "No. That was exciting."

These are heady days for Villeneuve. Dashing, single and rich, the 24-year-old has an apartment in Monaco and travels the world in style. His 1995 accomplishments would make a good career: he won four races and captured North America's most prestigious title, the IndyCar drivers' championship. One of those victories came in the sport's biggest event, the Indianapolis 500. And even before the North American season ended, he secured a thrilling 1996 wage he signed a multiyear, multimillion-dollar contract to drive for Williams, one of the top three teams on the glamorous Formula One circuit.

Then, however, Villeneuve steps into the shadow of his famous father, Gilles, a Formula One legend who died at age 38 in a crash in Belgium in 1982. And Fernan's Michael Schumacher, reflecting a common European sentiment, bluntly states that the Canadian's IndyCar credentials are meaningless in F1. Villeneuve

responded on the track, recording quicker lap times than any other driver at Estoril, including Schumacher, the reigning F1 champion. "There are a lot of people waiting to see how I do," he says. "But the team would not have taken me if it didn't think I could do the job."

Villeneuve is no slippy-eyed rookie. He moved to Monaco with his family in 1970, and grew up around the sport. He is fluent in English, French and Italian, is comfortable in Europe and seems unaffected by wealth and success. In Monaco, the exotic-car capital of the world, he drives an old Camaro, and he prefers the company of a few close friends over the active celebrity scene. Because of him, next June's Canadian Grand Prix in Montreal will be a major media event, yet he refuses to turn it into a clothed testimonial to his father, after whom the racetrack is named. "I would love to win it in Montreal, sure," he says. "But I would like to win every race."

That competitiveness is what drives him to succeed on the world stage. As a teenage ski racer, he loved testing his limits; he switched to cars at 17 and found the thrill even greater. His ability to know and stay within his limits has spared his meteoric rise, and that quality could save him from the terrible fate that claimed his father and others in his sport. "Of course, I want to be first," he says, "but to win the race, you have to finish the race."

Still, even the headiest driver needs a little luck. On a slick turn during a rainy day at Estoril, Villeneuve spun out. Astonishingly, the car stayed on the track, and as the young Canadian regained control, the sun burst through the clouds and a rainbow appeared, arching brilliantly over the racetrack. In 1995, it seems clear, Villeneuve has found his pet of gold.

JAMES DEACON

## Sandra Oh



*'I got an HBO pilot, and I didn't have to screen-test'*

## S Shooting for the stars

Sandra Oh lives just up the hill from Hollywood Boulevard, the girlish shriep when sounds threaten that way past the drugged and the homeless in search of celebrity handprints. Oh's temporary home is a pleasantly faded apartment hotel. Her two-bedroom suite, which she shares with another young Canadian actress, has the subtly anarchic look of a student, crash-pad. Clothes and

plaid" she announces breathlessly. "And what's great," she says, punching the air with her fists, "is that I didn't have to screen-test!"

On-screen and off, Oh behaves with disarming candor and spontaneity. During the photo shoot, which takes her from lunch at Venice Beach to a sunset drive through the Hollywood Hills, she displays the energy and poise of a dancer, alternating heart-to-heart with each glance of the lens. There is something about her—a vulnerability and the strength to reveal it—that charms the camera, and almost anyone who meets her.

Born and raised in the Ottawa suburb of Nepean, Oh is the daughter of Korean immigrants. Her mother is a biochemist, her father an entrepreneur. Fresh out of Montreal's National Theatre School, she made a brave and brilliant debut in 1994 as a teenage prostitute in the harrowing Canadian movie *The Diary of Evelyn Lee*. Then, with her winning performance in *Double Happiness*, as a young woman dealing with her traditional Chinese parents, Oh emerged as the most exciting Canadian actress of her generation.

But now, at 24, without enough roles to keep her busy in Canada, she's taking a run at Hollywood. After arriving last summer without an agent or a job offer, she found it discouraging at first. A meeting with one high-powered agent induced her to leave. "She basically said, 'It's tough for someone like you here,'" she recalls, "that no matter how good you are, you don't have a place here because you look the way you do—she just thought I was a nobody Asian person." Later, however, after seeing *Double Happiness* and being knocked out by Oh's performance, the agent suddenly changed her tune. Too late. Oh found someone who respected her, and whose company counts Kim Cattrall among its clients. "She's only 28 and she drives a Range Rover," says Oh, rolling her eyes. "Everyone has Range Rovers here. It bugs me."

For her part, Oh drives a beat-up '67 DeSoto that she calls Lily. And she is grateful to have a job to drive it to. Her new HBO pilot is a Larry Sanders-type satire about an agent who represents sports stars—Oh portrays his assistant. But the actress, who revels in Toronto and month to month to act in a play, doubts she will spend her life in Los Angeles. She has not even taken a walk on Hollywood Boulevard, although it is just down the hill. "It's too tacky," she laughs. A free spirit who follows her own star, Sandra Oh is taking the high road.

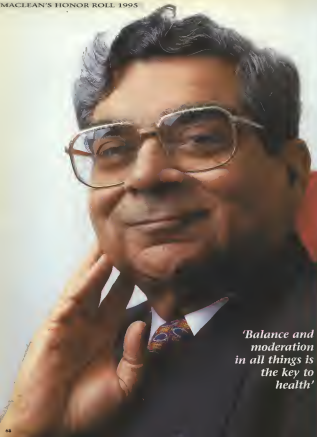


PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

magazines are strewn around the floor with cheerful abandon. From a CD player, Courtney Love wails, "I made my bed/I'll lie in it," and the bed is, of course, unmade. (Photographs of Oh's 1995 Best Actress Globe Award certificate for *Double Happiness*) lie on a littered coffee table—documentation to support her bid for a Green Card, the coveted U.S. work permit. Apologizing for the mess, she rummages through her things, throwing some clothes together for a photo shoot, then steps out into the California sunbaked, which seems to match her gregarious spirit. "I got an HBO

new HBO pilot is a Larry Sanders-type satire about an agent who represents sports stars—Oh portrays his assistant. But the actress, who revels in Toronto and month to month to act in a play, doubts she will spend her life in Los Angeles. She has not even taken a walk on Hollywood Boulevard, although it is just down the hill. "It's too tacky," she laughs. A free spirit who follows her own star, Sandra Oh is taking the high road.

BRAND D. JOHNSON



*'Balance and moderation in all things is the key to health'*

# Ranjit Chandra

## Bringing theories to life

**R**anjit Chandra has twice been nominated for the Nobel Prize in medicine. He is an officer of the Order of Canada, the holder of five honorary doctorates and a visiting professor at universities on four continents. All of which counted for little on a recent afternoon as he shuffled among the small examining rooms in the Joravey Child Health Centre in St. John's, Nfld., where he heads the hospital's immunology and allergy department. The young patients likely had no idea they were being treated by one of the world's foremost specialists. "Tell me what you're going to do, doc," one seven- or 10-year-old boy suffering from respiratory problems asked suspiciously. The "doc" patiently explained the simple allergy test. "Now, we must wait," Chandra declared after putting

revel needle scratches on the boy's arm. Then, he shut the door and nudged for his next patient's chart.

For someone in perpetual motion, Chandra never seems to hurry. That morning, the 57-year-old pediatrician had already spoken at a medical conference, worked on an article for one of the two international scholarly journals he edits and visited the World Health Organization Centre for National Immunology he heads in St. John's.

The theory he is painstakingly testing seems surprisingly simple: what a person eats affects their ability to avoid disease. But Chandra's St. John's laboratories established for the first time a direct link between nutritional deficiencies and immune system responses. His research—which focuses particularly on how malnutrition in mothers leads to immune deficiencies in their children and how being undernourished lowers immune resistance in the elderly—has already won enough trophies and citations to fill his modest office. More honors would certainly follow if Chandra and his 10-person international team succeed in their latest quest—establishing a connection between nutrition and the HIV virus.

The son of a physician, Chandra graduated as the top high-school science student in Punjab province. As a 22-year-old medical student in India, he and a colleague discovered an element affecting the lungs, heart and muscles, which still bears their names. He was in his early 30s when he first worked that many of the children who died after being admitted to the hospital where he worked suffered from malnutrition.

Then in 1974, Memorial University lured him with an offer that surpassed competing bids in the United States and England: a full university professorship and directorship of a new clinical immunology research. Moving to Newfoundland with his wife—they have four children—gave Chandra more opportunity to continue the groundbreaking research that he began in India.

Life in St. John's has been everything he hoped for. The international honors have led to visiting professorships at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, New York Medical College, and at medical schools in Beijing, Santiago, and Mexico.

Back home, where not teaching, editing, conducting research and seeing patients, life is simple and fulfilled—hour-long sit-ups, walks with friends, daily vegetarian lunches with his 30-year-old father, who moved from India two years ago, and visits into the local Hindu temple where he worships. "Balance and moderation in all things is the key to health," Chandra says. Just before leaving for his regular Friday afternoon badminton match. Well-chosen words—a reflection of both his personal philosophy and the essence of the research on which his time rests.



JOHN DUFOUR

# Priscilla de Villiers

## An advocate for life

*'It's no good educating and vaccinating people if we're not going to protect them'*



**P**risilla de Villiers has so much energy she can hardly keep still. Moving forcefully from room to room through the swamped offices of her Burlington, Ont.-based lobby group, CIVAT—Canadians Against Violence Everywhere, advocating its Terrorism-Free offers advice and encouragement to her volunteers. Sparked by a personal tragedy four years ago, she has since devoted herself to making Canadian communities safer by mobilizing public opinion in favor of stiffer jail terms and tougher parole requirements. "You cannot imagine how many lives are ruined daily by violent crime," says de Villiers. "If we saved the life of one person, then we've won. That would be a victory for us."

But for all the drive she brings to her work—making countless speeches across the country to students, parents and police, as well as organizing conferences, publishing a bimonthly newsletter and circulating petitions—the handsome and articulate 50-year-old former South African never seemed to lead a crusade of any kind. She devoted most of her adult life to raising her children, Nina and Ebenezer, a 21-year-old third-year engineering student at Queen's University, while husband Ross, 51, a neurosurgeon who practices at several Hamilton hospitals, attended medical school and built his career. She is also an accomplished landscape painter, who has shown professionally and taught art to children. "I've always been outgoing, but within a close circle of friends," says de Villiers. "I never sought a public position, so my role in CIVAT is very, very out of character."

De Villiers' life as a contented and private middle-class mother changed forever on Aug. 9, 1991, when Nina, then a 19-year-old biochemistry student at Hamilton's McMaster University, was murdered while jogging near the shores of Lake Ontario. The killer was a 30-year-old Hamilton-area man who had a history of physical and sexual assaults on women, and who committed suicide to avoid arrest.

Her daughter's murder created a void in de Villiers' existence—she could not pick up a paintbrush for more than four years, but eventually began painting again to raise money for CIVAT. She suffers frequent bouts of insomnia, and, like many affected by violent crimes, has come to realize that the grief and the tears never end. "You are left so helpless," she says. "You lose your ego, your whole sense of having some control over your life."

De Villiers now puts her enormous energy and resolve into CIVAT at least partly as a way of coping with her grief. She formed the organization, which now has 1,500 members, shortly after her daughter's killing, and initiated a petition—signed by more than 2.5 million Canadians and presented to federal Justice Minister Allan Rock—demanding the loss of public confidence in the justice system and calling for a range of measures to ensure better protection for the public. This year, CIVAT also added its voice in support of the government's controversial gun-control legislation. But it is endless work, often greeted by official indifference until there is a public outcry over a homicide case, like the gruesome murders by serial rapist Paul Bernardo. "It's so good educating and vaccinating people if we're not going to protect them," she says. "The damage done to people's psyches and their self-confidence by violent crime is absolutely immeasurable." And even though there is no undoing the damage done to her family, de Villiers is determined to prevent it from happening to others.

BY ARCY JENISH

## The superstar next door

Tired and coming down with a cold, Elvis Stojko just wanted to collapse on the sofa in his Richmond Hill, Ont., apartment. But that was not in the cards. The reigning king of figure skating had long before promised to attend a black-tie fundraiser for Canada's Special Olympics, and he was not about to renege. Hamed and somewhat pained, he arrives at the downtown Toronto convention centre just in time, adjusting his black tie and studs as he rushes through the lobby. But when he joins the other sports celebrities being introduced to the packed ballroom, he is all smiles. He and another world champion, sprinter Donovan Bailey, are the last two athletes called to the stage, and their pairing seems to delight them as much as it does the cheering audience. Later, his sneezing cold forgotten, Stojko talks excitedly about meeting Bailey. "Donovan's a great guy," he says. "That was a lot of fun!"

Typically, Elvi's glass is always at least half full, and the 23-year-old's ability to overcome obstacles propelled him to his second straight world figure skating championship, last March in Birmingham, England. Only two months before, he had partially torn a ligament in his ankle at the Canadian Finals in Halifax. The doctors who examined him insisted that it would take eight weeks for the ankle to heal sufficiently to withstand the stress of jumps, but Stojko needed that time to train. With the help of an acupuncturist and holistic healing techniques learned from nearly a lifetime of studying martial arts, he was landing jumps in just two weeks. At Birmingham, his ankle still sore and swollen, he won with a spectacular performance that included eight triple jumps.

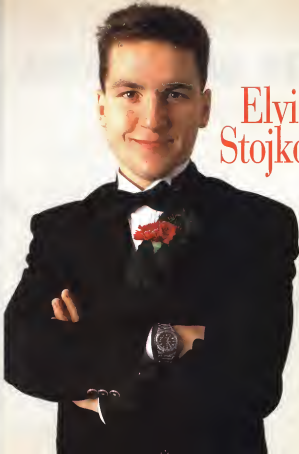
In Canada, Stojko is the superstar next door. He practically gave up competing on TV, and his enormous popularity has led to his own skating tour, TV specials and national advertisements. On the ice, his soaring jumps have left audiences breathless and redefined the standards of his sport. Yet Stojko is steadfastly a regular guy. He lives in an apartment built into his parents' home, drives a pickup, studies kung fu and gets his fun driving dirt bikes and snowmobiles. His reaction to fame suggests that, despite his name, he is more James Dean than Elvis Presley. "After I won the first time, it was hard to get used to," he says. "I guess I was a loser—I had to do my own thing—and it's difficult when you have people pulling you left and right." He is also one of the hardest-working athletes in his sport. "It's simple," he says after a practice session. "The more you do this, the better you get."

Stojko has no worries that success will breed complacency. "I don't go out there for the medals or the money or the fame," he says. "It's the personal satisfaction of getting better every day, of pushing my limits and the limits of the sport." He plans to remain an amateur until the 1998 Olympics in Nagano, Japan, and that pursuit has forced him, among other things, to put off going to university. "I'm willing to pay the price because of what all this has done for me," he says. "I have gained confidence, my understanding of people and the world, all from skating. No amount of money can buy that."

More than ever, the skater will have a full plate in 1996. The Worlds are being held in Edmonton, where Stojko will be host and leader of the Canadian team. He is not daunted. "I've been at six World Championships and two Olympic Games," he says. "But I'm only 23, so the way I look at it, I still have a lot left in me." That is surely no comfort to his competitors, but it is good news for his fans.

JAMES DEACON

# Elvis Stojko



*'I'm willing to pay the price because of what all this has done for me'*

# Backpack THE BAN BUSTERS

HEALTHWATCH



BY PAUL KAEHLA

**A**t times of high anxiety, Made Penber takes a pill to help her get to sleep. A few years ago, it was a pill prescribed by her doctor—an additive drug that made her 35-year-old sales consultant feel groggy and sluggish in the morning. Penber, who lives in the Vancouver suburb of Delta, stopped using it. She now takes melatonin, a naturally occurring hormone that is also available in pill form. Penber says that melatonin, which is non-addictive, gives her "a great night's sleep" and leaves her feeling "refreshed" when she wakes up. But because of a recent federal ban on the substance, Penber, like thousands of other Canadians, is forced to buy her supply in the United States, where melatonin is freely available over the counter in health-food stores and pharmacies. "Everything I've read about melatonin says it's safe, and I think Canadians should have the freedom to choose," Penber insists. "This ban is stupid. All it means is that I drive 30 minutes to buy it across the border in Washington."

That frustration is fueled not only by melatonin's proven ability to counter insomnia and jet lag, but also by an array of experts touting it as a wonder drug that can extend life and help to combat a wide variety of diseases, including AIDS, cancer and epilepsy. As melatonin's recent publicity trumpets such claims, which have split the medical community, has made the hormone a prime commodity on both sides of the border. In fact, a growing number of Canadians are violating the federal government's prohibition, sentenced by melatonin's supposed rejuvenating powers. "We selling the hotcakes," said a Toronto-area health-food store owner, who illegally stocks four brands of melatonin on his shelves. "I'm going

## A federal ruling on melatonin angers consumers

number of businesses are seeking to enhance by taking melatonin supplements. That same property, which researchers have demonstrated in several studies using human subjects, also makes melatonin a popular pill among airline workers and frequent flyers who experience jet lag. Ageing melatonin at bedtime at a traveler's destination can help to reset the body's internal clock.

But much of the current hype swirling around melatonin stems from evidence that it may boost the immune system, improving the body's defenses against viruses, some infections also claim that it

to keep selling it as long as a distributor continues to demand it into the country.

The obscure and fascinating substance at the heart of the controversy is actually present in all life forms. In humans, melatonin is produced by the pineal gland, an organ about the size of a walnut that is located three weeks after conception and located at the centre of the brain. When the sun goes down at the end of each day, the gland boosts the body's melatonin levels, leading to a feeling of sleepiness—an effect which, as increasing the

protein cells from aging, radiation and pollution. Russell Reiter, a Texas neuroendocrinologist and author of *Melatonin: Your Body's Natural Wonder Drug*, says that the hormone's most important role is accumulating free radicals—unstable molecules that soothe healing can by putting electrons from them. Scientists say that oxidizing molecules play a major role in diseases such as AIDS, rheumatoid arthritis and cancer. Free radicals also contribute to aging by accelerating collagen proteins that support the skin, causing wrinkles and sagging skin. While vitamins C and E are well-known fighters of oxidizing free radicals, Reiter says that melatonin is a much more powerful

health-food industry, manufacturers do not have to prove that such supplements are safe before marketing them. Instead, the law places the onus on the U.S. Food and Drug Administration to prove that a product is unsafe. Last week, the FDA announced that the agency has received no complaints about negative side effects from melatonin and is not planning to challenge its status.

For their part, Health Canada officials say that they had no choice but to restrict melatonin because all hormones are automatically classified as drugs, and the substance's manufacturers are marketing it as a drug. The officials note that most of the studies suggesting that melatonin can extend life and fight various diseases were conducted on animal subjects and may not apply to humans. They also say there are no studies showing the long-term effects of melatonin supplements in humans. One key question: does prolonged consumption of melatonin supplements suppress the body's natural production of the hormone? Byron Gillespie, chief of Health Canada's drug evaluation division, also warns consumers against buying commercial melatonin because some of the brands may contain contaminants—or perhaps no melatonin at all. "I cannot vouch for the quality or purity of the products," says Gillespie.

His agency's ban has clearly divided experts. Dr. Colin Shapiro, director of Toronto Hospital's sleep and alertness clinic, is among those who supports the prohibition. Shapiro says that patients ask him for melatonin every day. While he remains unconvinced that it prevents longevity, he does prescribe the hormone to some patients because he says it helps them regulate their sleep. But before patients actually receive their supply, Shapiro, like any other doctor, must seek approval for each individual case from bureaucrats in Health Canada's emergency drug-release program. "It's a nightmare exercise," says Shapiro, but I think one has to regard melatonin with caution. Although I really don't believe that it will turn out to be a thalidomide-type problem, who is to say that it won't. There might be some big unknown problem because nobody did the right tests."

But others are far more bullish on melatonin. George Bubenick, a physician and associate professor of biological sciences at Ontario's University of Guelph, has studied melatonin for more than 20 years and says that the federal ban is unjustified. He calls melatonin "one of the safest compounds in existence," and says that he takes a dose of 10 mg—three to four times as much as the average man-brand tablet—whenever he needs to recover from jet lag or late-night working sessions. At the same time, Bubenick says that people with severe allergies or autoimmune diseases should not take melatonin because it could aggravate their condition. He also notes that melatonin shows promise as a female contraceptive, and that women trying to conceive should avoid it.

But beyond those cautions, Bubenick's own studies suggest a wide variety of other health benefits. Among them: melatonin may slow the advance of cancer; aging and combat fatigue. In a study completed last year using pigs with ulcers, Bubenick carried out one of his animal subjects by adding a small amount of his melatonin to their diet. Preliminary results showed that the hormone helped show that melatonin slowed the multiplication of cancerous cells in testable experiments on human colon tissue.

And at a landmark 1977 study, Bubenick divided epileptic seizures in cats and stopped them within 18 minutes by injecting the animals with melatonin. Some specialists in Europe are using the hormone to ease jet lag in humans. "This compound [has] profound effects, but more research is required," says Bubenick. On that score, government regulators and most consumers would agree. □



Bubenick with his animal subjects: a potential treatment for ulcers and epilepsy

for melatonin. In 1993, Reiter co-authored a study on rats showing that melatonin shielded the animals' cells from oxidative stress, a substance that causes cancer by generating large amounts of free radicals. "It was one stroke by the potency of melatonin," Reiter says.

By most accounts, melatonin supplements are not harmful to humans even in large doses. But officials at Health Canada, the federal agency that regulates food and drugs, classified the hormone as a drug last year and made it illegal to sell in Canada and manufacture or undergo a year-long approval process to show that it is safe and effective. After melatonin hit the shelves of Canadian health food stores for the first time in significant volumes this fall, the agency issued a warning to retailers. If they continue to sell the product, they could face fines of up to \$5,000 or three years in jail. Meanwhile, Health Canada officials say that it is illegal for Canadians to bring

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## THE NATURAL WAY

As an alternative to taking melatonin supplements, experts say it is possible to stimulate the body's natural production of melatonin. Here are:

- Increase daytime exposure to sunlight or bright indoor light, especially first thing in the morning
- Avoid bright light in the evening
- Eat foods rich in calcium, magnesium, vitamin B-6 and zinc
- Eat foods rich in antioxidants (such as oats, rice and bananas), which protect healthy cells in the body
- Do not smoke, and drink only in moderation
- Avoid light-shift work and travel that involves crossing time zones

Source: Russell J. Reiter, University of New South Wales, Sydney, Australia

# Backpack CATCH A WINTER WAVE

Lovers of a rocky stretch of east coast Nova Scotia can be a surfing place as late November, when snowfalls dance in the sky and 12-foot waves pound the shore. Covered head-to-toe in a rubber dry suit on recent morning, Lindsey Choyce resembled the seals that swim nearby as he bobbed atop his surfboard. Usually, Canada's 1993 surfing champion avoids hitting the water alone near the winter weather arrives. But after a few days without stepping on a board, he was willing to take a chance. "It's about escape and freedom and doing something that is personally fun and challenging," says the 44-year-old father of two, a novelist, and book publisher who lives in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. "Surfing in the winter when the waves are powerful and the conditions more extreme just magnifies it all." By the time Choyce had finished his last run and was paddling toward the rugged shore, he had company—four more novices searching for the perfect wave amid peaks of snow.

Most surfers define paradise as shooting the tube under tropical skies and a wall of clear blue, halibut-sized water off the beaches of Hawaii, California or Australia. But it takes a special person to



Choyce riding a board amid gusts of snow

*To some, surfing in subzero conditions can 'seem excessive'*

hop on a board when the air temperature drops below 0° C and chunks of ice the size of snowflakes swirl in the water. "I suppose it can seem a bit excessive to some people," allows Chris Perle, 26, a lawyer who grew up in Halifax and now works for a marine insurance company in Norway. Not an excessive, though, as it once did. In the surfing adventure instilled by Perle, Choyce and a growing list of others in British Columbia, Alaska, Northern Scotland and Scandinavia, surfing in a remote, harsh environment seems more than riding the biggest wave.

At the frozen recesses of winter surfing, there are no crowded

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3. \$886,819 Andre Audet, Rediffi Securities Inc., Ottawa, 613-567-4219
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5. \$779,936 J. Stabile/B. Lowers, Rediffi Securities Inc., Vancouver, 604-465-1800
6. \$765,968 Murray Nowikow, Research Capital Corporation, Toronto, 416-402-7644
7. \$764,999 Paul Collinghouse, Research Capital Corporation, Toronto, 416-460-8442
8. \$699,270 Dominique Richer, Midland Midway Capital Inc., Montreal, 514-845-4757
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## Backpack

branches or limbs of tanned Moon Dragons circling "next wave." Understandably, really inexperienced surfers and weak swimmers should certainly stay on shore once the snow flies and the powerful winter swells hit. And maneuvering around the sheets of pan ice that can gather off beaches requires real skill. Even with one-piece rubber "dry suits"—complete with gloves, boots and hoods, worn over layers of insulating clothing—the thermal barrier can seldom stay on a board for more than 30 minutes without making hypothermia still, actual injuries are rare—usually as much as sprains, dislocated joints, ankles who seek swimmers realize there are limits to what is safe. "There is definitely a nacho aspect to surfing," said Petre, who often drives four hours for a day of water sliding on a desolate North Sea beach. "The trick is not to get carried away by it."

Surfers are not the only athletes skimming across the water-oceans. On both the east and west coasts of Canada, kayakers occasionally appear in the grey days, defying subzero temperatures. Hard-core windsurfers who simply cannot go four months without getting out on the water have also transformed their sport into a year-round activity—although the prospect of floating in near-freezing water when the wind lets it is not for everyone. "Loving the wind is the worst it's like jumping out of a plane with a parachute that doesn't work," points out David Beck, 50, a waterworker from Halifax who claims to have brought one of the first windsurfers to the Maritimes, back in the mid-1970s.

The cold is actually a plus for Bob Crismon, 34, a computer programmer and water skier from Maine Bay, N.S. Last winter, he went diving half a dozen times near his house and around Halifax harbor, on days when the water temperature was as low as 0° C. But as Crismon points out, low temperatures increase underwater visibility, making it easier to view the countless shipwrecks on the ocean floor all the coast of Nova Scotia. "There's nothing more thrilling than diving down through the chilly water and seeing the outline of a ship's hull on the ocean floor," says Crismon, who has seen dozens of shipwrecks in his nearly 30 years of diving on the east coast. "Your brain is racing in an anticipation of what you might find."

The rash comes in many guises. For some, it's the discomforts of being alone with their own thoughts. For others, it's the blast of adventure that comes from doing something risky. Chances, however, better for the perfect day—a crystal blue sky, not a breath of wind and temperatures so cold that the water takes on a density that makes it seem as if his earbuds is riding on something solid rather than liquid. "Even at its bluest, there is a strange beauty out there," he says. And, incidentally, not a lot of Beach Boys music.

JOHN DUMONT and JENNIFER PRITCHETT in Vancouver

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## extraEXTRA

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# Backpack CALENDAR

Holiday favorites, precision skating and the inner workings of the human body

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

**Dec. 20-March 3** Mary Pratt Transformation, Vancouver Art Gallery & interpretation of the New foundland master's work organized by Frederick's Beaverbrook Art Gallery

## ALBERTA

**Dec. 30-31** The Natives, Scottish Alberta Jubilee Auditorium, Calgary The Alberta Ballet presents the seasonal favorite by Tchaikovsky.

## SASKATCHEWAN

**Jan. 4-6** Knights of Columbus Saskatchewan Indian Games, One of North America's oldest traditional Indian track-and-field competitions.

## MANITOBA

**Jan. 14** Mr. Bartok's Round and Rarer, Centennial Concert Hall, Winnipeg Backed by the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, actor Richard Blum plays Bartok in a musical about the composer's life written for children.

## ONTARIO

**From Dec. 19** The Human Body, Ontario Science Centre, Toronto The inner workings of the body are explained in the museum's latest permanent exhibition. Displays focus on genetics, immunology, hormones and other topics.

**Jan. 10 and 11** Yo-Yo Ma in Concert, Roy Thomson Hall, Toronto The celebrated cellist joins the Toronto Symphony Orchestra for Shostakovich's Cello Concerto No. 1 with guest conductor Jari's Hironaka.

## QUEBEC

**Jan. 12-14** Invitation Speeches Live!, An annual precision skating competition, which attracts teams from Europe and the United States.

**To May 8** The Idea of the Penicillin

by, Canadian Centre for Art, texture, Material, Books, drawings and artifacts illustrate how changing concepts of crime and punishment have affected the design of prisons.

## NEW BRUNSWICK

**Jan. 18-22** The Gilt Guest, The Playhouse, Fredericton Theatre New Brunswick presents U. L. Colman's Broadway hit about a pair of cosmopolitan seniors who discuss growing old.

## NOVA SCOTIA

**Dec. 19 and 21** Baroque Series, Rebecca Cohn Auditions, Halifax Conductor Georg Tintner leads the Nova Scotia Symphony in Handel's Messiah.

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

**Dec. 17** Sea Rock, Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown The centre's resident children's Chorus performs traditional carols as well as music by contemporary composers.

## NEWFOUNDLAND

**Dec. 31** First Light Festival, St. John's More than 25,000 people are expected to gather on the waterfront, thereby becoming the first in North America to greet the new year.

## NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

**Jan. 20** The Best of the Bar, Northern Arts and Cultural Centre, Yellowknife The trip from the Arctic to resort's annual Festival of Mountain Films.

## YUKON

**Dec. 31** The Longest Night, Yukon Arts Centre, Whitehorse The Yukon International Storytellers Festival celebrates the winter solstice with music and stories.

## NEXT

A sampling of upcoming diversions

### MOVIES

**Othello** Kenneth Branagh goes once more into the Shakespearian breast, playing Iago, with Laurence Fishburne as the jealous Moor.

**Dead Man Walking** Tim Robbins directs Susan Sarandon as a nun who gives succor to a murderer (Sean Penn) on death row.

**Restoration** Robert Downey Jr., Meg Ryan and Hugh Grant star in a 17th-century drama based on the novel by Rose Tremain.

**Four Poems** A quartet of linked stories by four upstart directors, including Quentin Tarantino.

**Nixon** Oliver Stone recasts history, and casts Anthony Hopkins as Tricky Dick.



SARANDON

### VIDEO

**Vanya on 42nd Street** The last film completed by Louis Malle before his death in

November. Brilliantly acted and beautifully directed.

**Belle en jour** Made in 1965, Luis Buñuel's lucid masterpiece, starring Catherine Deneuve, is finally on video.

**Nine Months** The movie that brought Hugh Grant to Hollywood—and to notoriety.

**Fornell** A cheeky but captivating soap opera about a male cabdriver.

**Canadian Bacon** Michael Moore's satire, starring John Candy, should work better on the small screen, with a two-hour

### BOOKS

**In the Beauty of the Lilies** John Updike (Knopf) The author's first novel in two years examines the affects of movies and television on a family over four generations.

**Men of Blood** Elliott Leyton (McClelland & Stewart) The Newfoundland anthropologist, one of the world's foremost experts on serial killers and criminal psychology, examines murder in everyday life.

**The Demon Haunted World** Carl Sagan (Plenum House) Reinforcing the new age of rationality, Sagan attacks everything from alien abduction theories to faith-healer fraud.

**The Same River Twice: Navigating the Difficult** Alice Walker (Dutton) Walker discusses how love, illness and betrayal have affected her life, work and evolution as an artist.

**The Speechless** David MacGregor (McClelland & Stewart) In the

author's third novel for young, hockey-minded readers, the boys from the Speechless Oats hockey club must rise to the challenge of surviving in the northern wilderness.

### AUDIO

**How Long Has This . . .** Van Morrison (Polygram) The moody Irish singer's long-awaited releases his latest meditation on love and life.

**Boys For Pele** Tim Arnos (Warner) The third album from the American singer known for his powerful vocals and confessional lyrics.

**Greene** Barbra Streisand (Blue Note) The 14th solo recording by the popular jazz guitarist, who once played with Miles Davis.

**Yo-Yo Ma Plays Dvorak and Hibelert** (Sony) The American cellist's first collaboration with the New York Philharmonic and conductor Kurt Masur.



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## TELEVISION

# A classic reborn

*Crocus, Sask., comes to life on screen*

**JAKE AND THE KID**  
(Cine West Global, Saturdays, various times)

To some people, the Prairies are hotbeds of boredom; to others, they are wide fields of wonder. The same could be said of *Jake and the Kid*, a show based on the rancher's short stories and radio dramas of W. O. Mitchell. Premiering on Dec. 16, the show is an hour-long, minute roller-coaster ride, to say the least. But it is a faithful adaptation of Mitchell's vision to the small screen—and should prove to be a welcome entry in a TV season dominated by murder, mayhem and vicious dramas.

Set in the fictional town of Crocus, Sask., in 1952, *Jake and the Kid* focuses on the relationship between Ben Osborne (Ben Campbell), a 10-year-old whose father was killed in the Second World War, and Jake Trueman (Shawn Johnson), a weather-beaten and field-wise hired hand who works on the Osborne farm.

Ben idolizes Jake, who functions as a sort of father substitute. Together, they explore the pleasures of rural life—the beauty of the land, the simplicity of work in the background. There are plenty of rural high jinks (the first episode has a very funny segment about an aerialist), but Mitchell's stories, the show also touches upon the odd mix of surrealism, pessimism and humor that can flourish in small towns.

The season premiere, "We All Live in Crocus," begins with an idyllic scene. Ben chases a beautiful golden retriever into a wooded glen. The horse gets away, but Ben is convinced he is destined to own a palomino, just as his father owned one when he was the same age. Meanwhile, the town is planning to unveil a plaque to its war dead, forcing Ben's mother (Dale Dorman) to confront her grief over her



Johnson (left), Campbell: a gentle, faithful adaptation

husband's death—and planning Jake into the centre of a most conspicuous silence.

Under the direction of Anne Wheeler, the two stories come together seamlessly, and the cast of Canadian actors fares admirably. On top of that, it all looks wonderful shot in Leduc, Alta., just south of Edmonton, the show's real star is the rolling prairie landscape. True, the pace is often slow, and the family-oriented subject matter is occasionally trite. But, in the end, *Jake and the Kid* is satisfying television—gritty as the sun rising over wheat fields, and polite as a church napper.

JOE CROWLEY

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As a President of Delta Corporation, the software animator whose products include the best-selling, WinFax PRO software, Mark Skaggs is always on the go. Whether it's to client offices in North America, or just to the cottage, Mark likes to stay in touch. That's why he relies on his Nokia cellular phone. No matter where he is, he can always network with his associates. That's not the only reason Mark interfaces with Nokia.

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## Pages of beauty and fascination

*There is a something for every interest in the new crop of gift books*

The time of luxury and indulgence has arrived—and so has a wide range of sumptuous gift books. A sampling of this holiday season's finest, selected by *Vogue*'s art and fashion editors.

**Christopher Pratt: Personal Reflections on a Life in Art** (Key Porter, \$75) is a lavishly illustrated retrospective, enabling a reader to trace the artist's development from his conceptually detailed early works to the stark, mysterious images of his mature paintings. Pratt, who lives and works in a Newfoundland outpost, illustrates more than 350 reproductions of his paintings and drawings with his own words—in vry, sometimes candid observations taken from his diaries, notes and essays.

**The Art of Mary Pratt: The Substance of Light** (Gauguin Lane Editions and the Bowdoin Art Gallery \$53), pays homage to the painter once dubbed "the visual poet of the kitchen" in a handsome volume written by Beaverton curator Tom Smart. Included in the book are the New Englander's best-known images of fish, dead and live, as well as more obscure works. Smart traces Pratt's evolution from expert mother and wife, to artist, to an independent

The Group of Seven: Art for a Nation (McClelland & Stewart) celebrates the 75th anniversary of Canada's most famous painters. In his engaging text, National Gallery of Canada curator Charles C. Hill sheds all the familiar myths about the artists as artists their story with fresh detail—from the bitter opposition a dam at the time of their first show in 1920 to their later days of glory. The Group of Seven includes all of the 17 paintings from a major retrospective mounted five years by the National Gallery.

**The Diary of Frida Kahlo: An Intimate Self-Portrait** (Macleod \$55) is an indispensable volume for fans of the perennially popular Mexican artist, who died in 1955. The book includes as actual reproduction, complete with 70 watercolor illustrations, of the diary that the tormented painter kept for the last 10 years of her life. It is followed by translations of the entries and commentary by Kahlo expert Sarah M. Law.

**Céramique and the Provencal Table** (Mars, \$66) is a sublime pairing of a sumptuous cuisine with the landscapes and still lifes of some of Western art's towering painters. Jacqueline Seaburn and Gilles Plazy focus on Paul Cézanne's lifelong dedication to painting the beauties of his native Provence. Alongside reproductions of his

**In and Out of the Kitchen: In Effort**

**Minutes or Less** (Bantam, \$22) sounds like a pedestrian, old-fashioned-mom soup sort of cookbook, but nothing could be further from the truth. Gorgeous photographs and master British cook Anne Wilson's seemingly straightforward recipes demonstrate the beauty of simplicity.

**Umberetto's Kitchen: The Flavours of Tuscan** (Douglas & McIntyre, \$35) comes alive in 150 easy to moderately difficult recipes and 70 striking photographs of Italian interiors, landscapes and dishes. Vancouver restaurateur Umberetto Menghi's acute desire at growing up in Tuscany, where he recently opened a cooking school and hotel, add flavor. Armchair travel and gastronomy aficionados

**Chinese Cuisine**  
(Farrly, \$35) designates its subject, suggesting that good Chinese food is no more difficult to cook than good Italian food. Author Suzanne

Fao, who was born in an inner Mongolian village and now runs a restaurant in Philadelphia, offers an eclectic array of recipes: Peking duck, pineapple chicken. Fao's dishes include One-Hundred-Carrot Crab Cakes and Turkish Lamb Soup with Honey Beams. This is a hard-core cookbook, but not so fancy it doesn't get messy up on the kitchen board.

**The Martini** (Knopf, \$37.50) celebrates the cooling influence of the classic American cocktail, which is enjoying a renaissance. Like the drink itself, the book is compact, sexy and cleaving. Illustrated with lush photographs and art, it examines the martini's anguage, its role in literature and film, and the great debates over its formula. Defining Martini Culture as "grace under pressure," author Barsky Connell has also connected the ultimate get-togethers for those who make a habit of making the perfect martini, as if it were rocket science.

**At Home in Canada** (Penguin, \$35) proves that it takes only an eye and some creativity, but not necessarily money, to have an appealing read. Written by Nicole Emswiler and Hilary Weston, and with wonderfully candid photographs by Jay von Tiedemann, the book includes some unlikely subjects. Alongside the cozy country residence of author Maureen Richter and his wife Florence there is the vibrant bistro, filled with native crafts, of Cheryl Co. Shandean and



## Jake and the Kid

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## BOOKS

live still on Saskatchewan's  
Wapiti-Delta Reservoir.

**Writers' Houses** (McGill & Stewart, \$72) satisfies the voyeur in everyone. Beautifully executive photos by Erica Lessard capture the spirit of place in the homes of such writers as Dylan Thomas, Alberto Moravia and Virginia Woolf. The essays by Francesca Proulx-Dubois range in biographical detail and literary lore as they explore each author's special connection to a house, whether a simple cottage or a splendid mansion.

**Superior, Journeys on an Island Sea** (Shedden, \$50), **Crossings** (Shedden, \$48) and **The Great Canoe** (Douglas & McIntyre, \$27.95) are the last of richly illustrated books canoeists love to dream over when lakes and rivers are frozen solid. In *Superior*, Gary and Joanne McGuffin chronicle a 3,200 km circumnavigation of the largest of the Great Lakes. Travelling mainly by canoe and kayak (but also by ski and snowshoe), the McGuffins explored sea currents, storm storms and drifted under awe-inspiring cliffs. *Crossings* collects the old paintings of Bill Mason, the country's great master of canoe lore. Mason, who died in 1986, was skilled at how wide, old-fashioned landscape painter who could catch the spirit of a storm or waterfall with an accuracy photography can rarely match. *The Great Canoe* is more photographer David Neff's fascinating view of traditional canoe building along the coasts of British Columbia and Washington State. These lean, scoping canoes carved from single cedar logs were in danger of disappearing, but in the past decade their construction has become the focus for a cultural revival.

**Irish: Glimpses Of An Arctic Past** (Canadian Museum of Civilization, \$34.95) provides a fascinating historical view of a resourceful people who have inhabited the beautifully beautiful, if forbidding, Canadian Arctic for the past 1,050 years. Authors David Marmion and Georges-Henri Germain use more than 225 photographs and original illustrations to focus on the Copper Inuit of the Central Arctic in 1909 and 1910—the last time that the last of that region lived free from a host of outside influences, including the RCMP and Christian missionaries. The book serves as a primer on traditional Inuit survival skills, dreams of labor and peace. There is even a section on sex and friendship, which helpfully explains how Inuit wife-swapping—a practice that alternately shocked and utilized early European explorers—often played a crucial role in preserving conflict.

**People, Legends in Life and Art** (Douglas & McIntyre, \$60) showcases a series of portraits from the archives of Roland Beny, the famed Canadian landscape painter who died in 1984. Known for his lush landscapes and architectural panoramas, Beny was nevertheless a keen observer of people. This collection includes images of unknown artisans and peasants as well as famous people. Beny did

## DIAMOND DREAMS

THE STORY OF THE SEARCH FOR A CANADIAN DIAMOND



## SUPERIOR

Journeys On An Island Sea



## SPITFIRE



*Treats for the eye,  
the heart, the  
intellect*

side the author himself. Hebert, 48, has been a paraplegic since breaking his back in a hang-gliding accident 14 years ago. He finds release in his quadriplegia when he takes to the sea in a modern ultralight airplane—he is the first to have flown one across Canada. The title of this optimistic book is explicitly apt for Hebert, and its most moving photograph is of his flying past his empty wheelchair.

**Spitfire** (Shedden, \$29.95) is a celebration of the most revered fighter plane of the Second World War. Author Robert Boschen spent nine years collecting reminiscences from Canadians who flew Spitfires in the Battle of Britain, at Dieppe and during D-Day. The perspective of just a century lends a matter of fact air to their first-person stories, whether of shooting down the enemy or of being shot down themselves, that makes them all the more affecting. The photo seems to have had only one thing in common: to exist, they loved that airplane.

**Diamond Dreams** (Laird, Bessie, \$54) is a lavishly illustrated tale of hunt for faces and moods, human images and landscapes through such gems as Berni, Maris, Kouda, DelMaggio and Pickett. During his 30 years with *Spitfire* illustrated, Walter Isaac became known as one of the most accomplished sports photographers in America—and his picture of soccer star baseball's legendary line shows why. The nostalgia was by syndicated columnist Tom Iwanicki is based on anecdotes.

**Ten: The Lost World of Nicholas and Alexandra** (Little, Brown, \$70) mixes contemporary photos with family album memories on that twice the life of the Tsar, his wife and five children. The intelligent text by Peter Karth follows the couple from childhood in Russia to coronation in St. Petersburg to their exile and murder in Siberia by their new Communist masters. An intimate portrait of a family re-created—a family set apart from the misery of their countrymen but still fascinating for their exotic isolation.

## OBITUARY

There was an overflow crowd of 500 people at the University of Toronto's Trinity College Chapel for the funeral last week of Robertson Davies. And at a public celebration of his life at the University of Toronto's Convocation Hall, such notables as writers Margaret Atwood and Timothy Findley and Scotland's Festival artistic director Richard Maxwell read from Davies's works and offered personal remembrances. Davies, who died in Oranmore, Ont., on Dec. 2, at the age of 81, was born in Thessville, Ont. He was educated at Upper Canada College, Queen's University and Oxford. A former actor and director, he later became editor, then publisher, of the Peterborough Examiner. There, he wrote a pseudonymous column, The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks, selection of which would become his first book. *American novelist John Irving* (The World According to Gary, A Prayer for Owen Meyer) was not only here when it was published in 1967, but in his adult years he came to know Davies well. It regards The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks as the beginning of a literary career that would be the most illuminating and original hallmark of Canadian literature for almost 50 years.

BY JOHN IRVING

He was the greatest comic novelist in the English language since Charles Dickens. Like Dickens, Robertson Davies came to the novel with a theatrical background; possibly this gave him dramatic expectations. He expected the novel to perform for an audience—to be simultaneously entertaining and instructive; to be intellectually stimulating and emotionally cathartic. Like Dickens, he managed to mix social realism with those elements of storytelling that are inevitably magical his portraits of society were lifelike, his caricatures wickedly accurate, but the source of his imagination was closer to mythos than to reality tales and ghost stories than to the slice-of-life realism of newspapers. Like Dickens, he viewed humanity with critical affection and with documentary authenticity, yet, also like Dickens, he was a mischief-maker and a fantasist.

Like Graham Greene, Davies should have won the Nobel Prize; that he didn't deserves both the Nobel and the best literature that we call "international." I think he was too busy for the Nobel committee, who have—at least in the last decade—distinguished themselves by talking formless or seriously that they seem to miss what is most serious about it. (By "seriously," I mean, with such embarrassing political correctness.)



"Davies, the greatest comic novelist since Charles Dickens"

Almost from the beginning—and specifically in *Twelve Men* (1951), *Letters of Michel* (1954) and *Myra and Francis* (1958)—Davies recognized that the clash of "culture" with bohemism and provincialism was essentially both serious and comic material. In the first of these books that compose the *Salem* Trilogy, a local drama league suffers through a production of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* in the embarrassing (and hilarious) exposure of all concerned; in the second, which won the Stephen Leacock Medal for Humour, a local newspaper is drawn into the vulgarized grotesque of the typically small-minded and racist-spirited citizenry. In the third, the tyrannical role that money also plays in the development of the arts is furiously explored—a gospel-winger struggles to become a concert artist, and so forth. And, from the beginning, Davies knew better than the Swedish Academy that Davies not only knew where he spoke, he also elevated his social observation with wit. Yet his urbanity, at times scholarly humor

### From Fifth Business (1970)

"Walking up the street ahead of me were the Reverend Aarons Dempster and his wife, he had been stuck in his end was leaning toward her as the protective way he had. I was familiar with this sight, for they always took a walk at this time, after dark and when most people were asleep, because Mrs. Dempster was going to have a baby, and it was not the custom in our village for pregnant women to show themselves boldly in the streets—not if they had any position to keep up, and of course the Bishop's minister's wife had a position. Percy had been throwing snow

balls at me, from time to time, and I had dodged them all. I had a boy's sense of when a snowball was coming, and I knew Percy. I was sure that he would try to land one first, smothering someone behind my shoulders before I dodged out of his house. I stepped briskly—not running, but not dawdling—in front of the Dempsters just as Percy threw, and the snowball hit Mrs. Dempster on the back of the head. She gave a cry and, clinging to her husband, slipped to the ground. He might have caught her if he had not turned at once to see who had thrown the snowball."

was always people. He was never really a satirist, his books express an unstinting human kindness, which was always elevating, too.

Ever since I first read him, as a New England prepubescent, Rob Davies was my personal hero. That he later became my friend, and that my wife, Janet Turnbull Irving, became his agent—well, it adds to my that we both led a terrible loss. I first travelled to Toronto for the sole purpose of meeting him. That was in 1981 or 1982; he had recently reviewed one of my novels (*The Hotel New Hampshire*) with such understanding and generosity that I was sure I would be meeting him while wearing a pair of my son's wrestling shoes—I had a broken toe at the time and these were the only shoes I could wear comfortably. While Rob clearly disapproved of my choice in footwear—this may have marked the only appearance of wrestling shoes at the York Club—he was in every respect a gracious host to me.

That he wrote with such unbridled enthusiasm and affection about so many real people is reflected in his zeal for fictional descriptions—even the most minor characters in his novels are naturally brought to life. Professor Davies, as he was called by name, once confessed to finding George Santayana's major philosophical work "boring" they are written in language of such beautiful limpidity... Santayana knew the taste of wisdom... His life and his belief were of all a piece." I could say the same for Robertson Davies.

To those who didn't know him, who only read him, the Davies Davies could seem threatening. If he knew "the taste of wisdom," he also knew how to condense. In an essay on the relationship between Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, he wrote, "It is impossible to pour more than a pint into a pint-pot, and it is similarly impossible to love a woman who is merely imitating as deeply as a real woman." And in a short story called "The Ghost Who Vanished by Degrees," he wrote, "The wit of a graduate student in his champagne—Canadian champagne...." He must have worried more than the occasional graduate student, of whom he knew many; he was master of Massey College at the University of Toronto from 1960 until he retired in 1981.

He was a member of the United States for the first time in his English Trilogy, *Fifth Business* (1970) but his stature there continued to grow. His daughter Jennifer told me that his reading at Princeton University shortly before his death was a great triumph. Soon after he came down with pneumonia, and later suffered the stroke she killed him.

When my wife and I were gathered in Toronto, I asked Rob to read from the Bible—at reading aloud, and not only from the Bible, there was no one better. I had only a vague idea of which parts of the Bible might be best for the occasion, vague ideas never solidified. It can be as well as it can be known to read the Bible, which parts of the Bible were most suitable, and also which translation he preferred. Rob was a King James man, of course, not trusting me or the Bishop Strachan Chapel to provide the correct version of the text, he brought his own Bible with him to my wedding, when my 17-year-old son—soon getting Robertson Davies for the first time—possibly mistook him for God. Since his death, I've said to many friends that I think my son's first impression wasn't wrong.

Davies's storytelling skills have been mostly more consistent than those of our other literary giants and personal favorites of mine—namely Gabriel Garcia Marquez and Günter Grass (conspicuously, also come nowhere from the Dickensian tradition). It is heartening to his readers that Davies's last novel, *The Gaining Man*, was such a success in Canada—well beyond the world. Yet for all the love and admiration that I have for him, I must confess to a small regret: that he gave me one that I had myself finished of now. It is only 31 pages long, and it is the Robertson Davies I wrote for *Joan*, *Ana*, *Graciosa* for *Clara*, *Selena* and *Dorothea*, with music by Dennis Haines. McClelland & Stewart published the *Brutus* as a 100-page novel, and it is a pity that it is not. For John and Janet, with affectionate good wishes, from Rob."

Near the end of the libretto, the Narrator says:

Thus each have told the Golden Tale of Naboth And his successor, And of King Ahab and his wicked Queens.

To which the Chorus responds:

Told, yes, and fairly told, It shall forever be an arrow into the hearts of men.

That is what Robertson Davies gave to Canada, and to the literature of the world: all his stories, all "finely told"—they all "prior to an arrow into the hearts of men." □



# The best ones start off writing sports

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

**T**his department is in receipt of a letter from one Duncan MacDonnell. It starts off bravely: "I want to write a regular column for your newspaper." Now, there's a chap who knows how to get to the point quickly.

He explains that he is 22 years of age and has written a regular column for student papers at the University of Toronto and George Brown College. He's direct.

"Here's my proposal: Call me into your newsroom. On the top of your head, pick a topic. Any topic. Put me in front of a word processor and give me an hour to write 400 words, surrounded by all the distractions of your newsroom and under the pressure of trying to impress you with verbiage which means: If you're happy with it, we can talk some more. If you're unhappy with it, it's no skin off my nose because at least I tried. I hope you at least appreciate my tenacity."

Certainly do. And the nerve. And the imagination. This department thanks Stuart Rosen would like it very much.

James Earl Ray died last week in Washington. He was 69 and, simply, the type of an assassin every newspaperman would want to be. He would enjoy the check of young Mr. MacDonnell immensely.

As the New York Times bureau chief in Washington, Rosen defined that bright and arrogant as we Harvard gang in the White House were giving the back of their hands to his reporters (including a fellow called Russell Baker).

He picked up the phone and called the White House. "Mr. President," he said to John Kennedy, "we were here long before you got here and we're going to be here long after you're gone." That's cool.

He was born in Scotland and came to the United States with his family when he was 11. Like all the great ones, he started out as a sports writer. Even more remarkably, the most respected journalist of his era was at one time the press agent for the Cincinnati Reds (Chick Hearn, Mr. MacDonnell).

Once, when the mighty New York Times

Good senior editor pointed out, considering the family history, I might choose a more suitable word. Young and frisky like MacDonnell, I insisted on keeping the word. A week later, on June 5, Bobby was shot dead in a Los Angeles hotel corridor. We got two sons old and no later sunset.

A fire and war veteran to this neophyte was Stuart Rosen, the classy West Coast publisher. He once advised that the only friends newspapermen can have are other newspapermen, since sooner or later a reporter will run into a conflict with a business leader, body or politician or whatever and we'll have to write about it. One thought about this regarding the word biography of Ben Bradlee, the renowned Washington Post editor who stoically backed the young reporter Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein when they Watergated Richard Nixon with the aid of the still-legendized Deep Throat.

Rosen was always looking for the best of the new talent in Washington. Someone suggested Bradlee just arrived in the capital after a stint in Paris as a reporter. Rosen decided, saying the flashy newcomer "looked like a jewel that."

Bradlee has raised more than questioning eyebrows with his contrarianism in his book, this while a drinking and smoking pal of Jack Kennedy, he never knew till after his death of his now-celebrated smile-charming. (It's natural, then, one said that the reason for the attraction between the two was that Kennedy secretly yearned to be a journalist and Bradlee secretly longed to be president.)

Even more disarming, Bradlee reveals that when his first (there have been three) wife's sister was wandering alone in the middle of Georgetown, he broke into her studio to retrieve her diary. Only upon reading it, he claims, did he learn that his sister-in-law was one of Kennedy's secretaries.

He and his wife turned it over to a top CIA official (who was also trying to break into the studio) to destroy. The CIA of course never did and it was burned years later when the Kennedy records were.

The richer, darker relationship between Kennedy and Bradlee's professional ethics was recently touched in a prison review of his book—where else?—The New York Times. So Rosen wrote simply and directly—because he came from the sports side. He knew everyone and he betrayed no one—was it counted, which is the burden of the journalist. You can't have any friends. He had thousands of them at his funeral.



was silenced by a lengthy strike by its print unions. Society Rosen roared about his biggest regret. He said, "How can I know what I think until I've read what I write?" Every columnist on the planet would have a narrative note for that use.

One May evening in 1998, this equivalent of Master MacDonnell found himself, after a long day covering Bobby Kennedy in the Oregon primary, looking for a taxi and by chance spotting the famous Times columnist doing the same. I followed him, like some nervous journalist stalker and finally suggested we share a cab. We ended up in the bar at our Portland hotel, sharing a scotch or two, and then scribbled rapidly soaking up the wisdom Sports is a great ink.

With Bobby headed for the final primary in California the next week, I closed my pen. I was then the press agent for the Governor Bob (Chick Hearn, Mr. MacDonnell).

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